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Signed Caper

ALFRED BOOTH
MEMORIES AND LETTERS

*Printed for Private Circulation, and
limited to Seventy-five Copies, of which
this copy is No. 70*

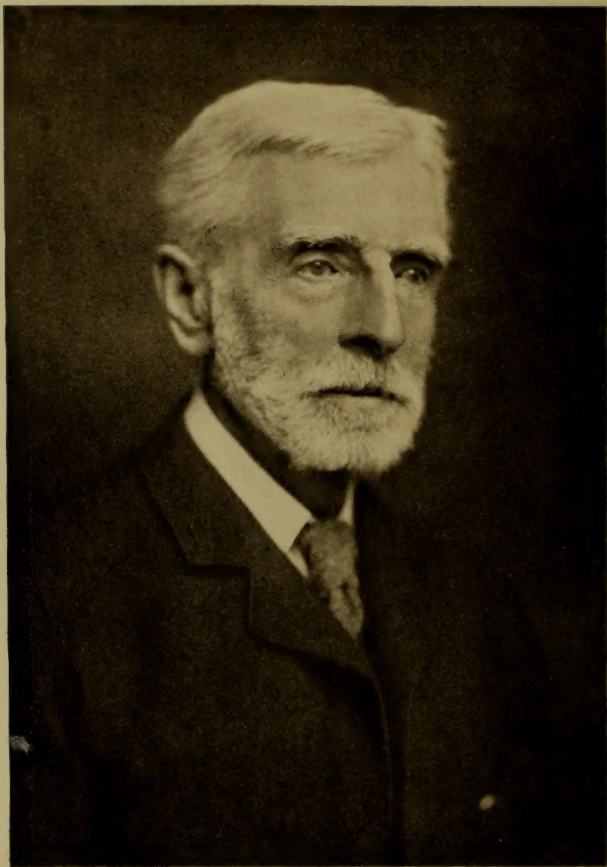
Harriet Anna Whitting

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1917



Alfred Booth

ALFRED BOOTH

SOME MEMORIES LETTERS AND OTHER FAMILY RECORDS

WRITTEN AND ARRANGED
BY HIS DAUGHTER
HARRIET ANNA WHITTING

*"The highest truth that a man sees
he must fearlessly proclaim"*

LIVERPOOL
HENRY YOUNG & SONS LIMITED
1917

To
MY NEPHEWS AND NIECES

“La connaissance de nos origines nous aide à comprendre notre destin, et nous ne pouvons être heureux et bienfaisants qu’en nous développant dans la direction de nos sensibilités naturelles, et en acceptant de prendre rang dans la chaîne des générations qui rattache le passé à l’avenir.”

HENRI BORDEAUX.

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DESCENDANTS OF THOMAS BOOTH

THOMAS BOOTH,
b. 1749, d. 1832; m. 1784 Esther Noble (d. 1826)

- (1) Jane, b. 1786, d. 1863;
m. Jos. Hancox (d. 1824)
- (2) Esther, b. 1787, d. 1872
- (4) Mary, b. 1791, d. 1826
- (5) George Booth,
b. 1793, d. 1829
- (6) Thomas Booth,
b. 1795, d. 1855
- (7) Jessie, b. 1797,
d. young
- (3) Henry Booth,*
b. 1789, d. 1869;
m. 1812 Ellen Crompton (d. 1871)
- (1) Crompton Booth,
b. 1814, d. 1892;
m. Marianne Trimmer
- (2) Caroline, d. 1870;
m. Thos. Avison
- (3) Emily, d. 1871;
m. C. Boulton
- (4) William Booth,
b. 1819, d. 1853
- (5) Mary Anne,
b. 1822, d. 1908
- (8) James Booth, C.B.,*
b. 1777, d. 1880; m. 1827 Jane Noble (d. 1872)
- George Booth, d. 1892;
m. 1856 Georgina Barton (d. 1868)
- (1) Thos. Evelyn Barton Booth,
b. 1860, d. 1906
- (2) Beatrice Isabella Christine, b. 1861;
m. 1888 J. H. Watson (d. 1908)
- (3) James Erskine W. Booth, b. 1862;
m. 1890 Hilda M. Hall-Dare
- (1) Arthur Ronald Booth, b. 1891
- (2) Evelyn Mary, b. 1897
- (3) John Robert Booth, b. 1900
- (9) Charles Booth,
b. 1799, d. 1860;
m. 1. 1829 Emily Fletcher (d. 1853);
2. 1857 Hannah Cumberland (d. 1885)

Anna,
b. 1833, d. 1899;
m. 1857 Philip Henry Holt (d. 1914)

Alfred Booth,
b. 1834, d. 1914;
m. 1867 Lydia Allen Butler

Thomas Booth,
b. 1837, d. 1863

Rt. Hon. Charles Booth, F.R.S.,
b. 1840, d. 1916;
m. 1871 Mary Macaulay

Hester Emily,
b. 1842, d. 1906

- Charles Booth,
b. Oct. 27, 1868;
m. Oct. 2, 1895,
at New Brunswick,
N.J., Grace
Bryson Wells
- Mabel,
b. Nov. 18,
1869
- Alfred Allen Booth,
b. Sept. 17, 1872;
created Baronet Jan. 1, 1916;
m. Dec. 15, 1903, at New
York, Mary Blake Dwight
- Hester Emily,
b. Sept. 27, 1874;
m. Dec. 21, 1893,
at Liverpool,
Alfred Hughes
- Constance Lydia
Allen,
b. Jan. 25, 1876;
m. Dec. 21, 1904, at
Liverpool, Godfrey
Isaac Howard Lloyd
- Harriet Anna,
b. Jan. 9, 1879;
m. Nov. 11, 1909,
at Liverpool,
Arthur Gregory Whitting
- Antonia Mary,
b. Feb. 3, 1873;
m. Feb. 4, 1899,
in London,
Hon. Malcolm Martin
Macnaghten
- Thomas Macaulay
Booth, D.S.O.
b. April 10, 1874;
m. June 21, 1902, at
Croxley Green,
Alice Powell
- Paulina,
b. Oct. 7, 1875,
d. March 18, 1876
- George Macaulay Booth,
b. Sept. 22, 1877;
m. Oct. 6, 1906,
in London,
Margaret Meinertzhagen
- Margaret Paulina,
b. July 26, 1879;
m. Aug. 8, 1906,
at Thringstone,
William Thackeray
Denis Ritchie
- Imogen Mary,
b. Oct. 26, 1882;
m. Aug. 8, 1912,
at Thringstone,
Eric Gore-Browne
- Charles Zachary
Macaulay Booth,
b. Aug. 2, 1886
- (1) Lydia Grace,
b. Sept. 25, 1899
- (2) Henry Booth,
b. July 25, 1901
- (3) John Wells
Booth,
b. May 19, 1903
- (4) Alfred Booth,
b. May 23, 1906
- (5) Charles Booth,
b. Jan. 21, 1910
- (6) Thomas Law-
rence Booth,
b. April 3, 1914
- (1) Sylvia Emily,
b. May 23, 1905
- (2) Philip Booth,
b. Feb. 8, 1907
- (3) Edmund Booth,
b. May 29, 1908
- (1) Peter Lloyd,
b. June 26, 1907
- (2) Mariabella,
b. Feb. 8, 1909
- (1) Lydia Mary,
b. Oct. 11, 1894;
m. Nov. 20, 1915,
at Birmingham,
Rev. Ernest Cross
- Joan Hester,
b. Oct. 7, 1916
- (2) William Barton
Hughes,
b. Sept. 21, 1899
- (3) Gervase Alfred
Booth Hughes,
b. Sept. 1, 1905
- (1) Antony
Macnaghten,
b. Nov. 15, 1899
- (2) Mary Frances,
b. Feb. 2, 1903
- (3) Brigid Alison,
b. Dec. 18, 1904
- (4) Anne Catherine,
b. Aug. 9, 1908
- (1) Thomas Booth,
b. March 17, 1905
- (2) Patrick Booth,
b. March 9, 1906
- (3) Colin Macaulay
Booth,
b. Jan. 7, 1909
- (4) George Booth,
b. March 9, 1912
- (1) Daniel Booth,
b. Sept. 25, 1907
- (2) Antonia,
b. March 23, 1909
- (3) Georgiana,
b. Feb. 17, 1912
- (4) John Sebastian Booth,
b. April 26, 1913
- (5) Paulina,
b. March 6, 1915
- (1) James Ritchie,
b. Nov. 5, 1907
- (2) Belinda,
b. Dec. 10, 1908
- (3) Catharine,
b. March 3, 1911
- (4) Mary Cynthia,
b. June 25, 1913
- (1) John Giles
Charles Gore-Browne,
b. June 28, 1914
- (2) Mary Clemency,
b. Nov. 13, 1915

* Denotes mentioned in *The Dictionary of National Biography*.

CHAPTER I

RECOLLECTIONS OF PAST GENERATIONS OF THE BOOTH FAMILY

I

THOMAS BOOTH

My great-grandfather, Thomas Booth, came to Liverpool in 1767 with his brother George from Orford, near Warrington. Their father was a yeoman farmer, and the paternal home, Orford House, was a three-storied red brick Georgian house, now visible from the Cheshire Lines railway.

The family had lived at Orford since about the year 1600: their names are to be found in the Warrington Parish Register of Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials from that date. George and Thomas Booth belonged to what was then called the Presbyterian persuasion, but which very soon adopted the name Unitarian, and in politics they were strong Whigs.

My great-grandfather was once described to me by my father's eldest living cousin, Mary Anne Booth, as a very terrifying person; while

she remembered thinking her grandmother a charming little old lady ; but her recollections were confined to extreme childhood. Whether he was so terrifying or not, there is no doubt that Thomas Booth was a man of ability and character.

He and his brother established themselves in the corn trade in Liverpool. The business prospered and, as was then not unusual among merchants, they owned sailing-ships in connection with their business.

Their most important vessel was named *The Esther*, after my great-grandmother, and a picture, dated 1819, of the good ship *Esther* still hangs in Messrs. Alfred Booth & Co.'s office at Liverpool. In Lloyd's Register for the year 1798 we find the following entry : "*Esther*, 314 tons, built at Stockton 1786, draft loaded 14 feet, carried six guns : " also, "*Esther*, 210 tons, built at Liverpool 1788, draft loaded 14 feet, carried six guns, Regular Trader to Baltic."

Both George and Thomas Booth took an active part in Liverpool affairs. Their tastes were not merely confined to business interests ; they were among the first members of The Athenæum News Room and took a keen interest in civic politics. In the *London Morning Chronicle* of 2nd February 1822, there is a report of a meeting

in Liverpool to urge “the presentation of a public address to Mr. Joseph Hume for his services on the subject of Economy and Retrenchment in the public expenditure.” Mr. Thomas Booth was unanimously called to the Chair. It is interesting to find among the other speakers the name of his eldest son, Henry Booth, and also that of Thomas Fletcher, whose daughter in a few years was to marry Thomas Booth’s youngest son.

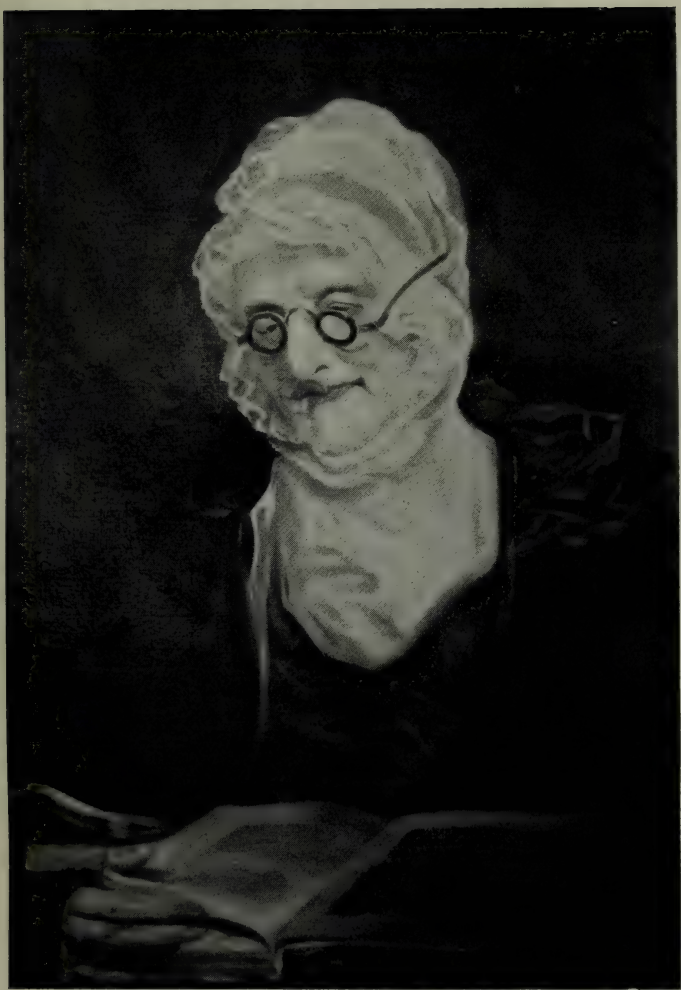
In the same newspaper—which, by-the-bye, cost 7*d.*—of 7th June 1824 there is a full account of a meeting at Liverpool for the purpose of “petitioning His Majesty’s Ministers to advise the King’s most Excellent Majesty in Council to recognise such of the Governments of the late Spanish and Portuguese Colonies in North and South America as have established their independence.” The meeting was presided over by the Mayor in the Town Hall. Mr. Thomas Booth was the first speaker to the resolution which was passed: it is not surprising to find the familiar name of Mr. William Rathbone among his supporters. The *Morning Chronicle* has a short leading article on this petition—originating in Liverpool—in the course of which it hopes “that the example set by that spirited town will be immediately followed by the

Metropolis and by all other leading towns in the country."

George Booth never married, and died before his brother Thomas. He was buried in the little graveyard surrounding the old Gateacre Chapel. Thomas married Miss Esther Noble of Lancaster. Her father and mother, whose dates were 1720–1781 and 1723–1809 respectively, were married at Lancaster, and lived there in a large corner house, which has since been converted into the Mechanics' Institute. Mrs. Noble was the daughter of Mr. Rigby of Chowbent.

Mr. and Mrs. Noble had six daughters and three sons. Of the six daughters, the eldest was Mrs. Moore, and grandmother of Mr. Edmund Potter, for a long time Liberal member for Carlisle, whose daughter, Miss Lucy Potter, became the wife of Sir Henry Roscoe; the second daughter married Mr. Gaskell, who inherited property in Yorkshire from Mr. Milnes, including two houses near Wakefield, Thornes House and Lupset Hall, where my grandfather and grandmother stayed on their wedding journey.

The third daughter was my great-grandmother, Mrs. Thomas Booth, and another daughter married Mr. Ainsworth, whose son John became a manufacturer at Bolton, and lived at Smithells Hall. My Aunt Anna remembered her Uncle Thomas Booth going to



JANE RIGBY, MRS. NOBLE, 1724—1809

Mother of Mrs. Thomas Booth

From a portrait at Lupset Hall, by permission of
Mrs. Milnes Gaskell

stay there for the shooting, but the younger generations lost sight of each other.

The sixth daughter was Mrs. Pilkington. Mrs. Pilkington had a bevy of daughters, "the talking, the walking, the pretty and the intellectual Misses Pilkington." The eldest lived for some years with Miss Harriet Martineau both in Liverpool and in the South of England, and was a delightful woman; but the only member of the Pilkington connection whom we ever knew was Cousin Anna Jackson: her father, Colonel Jackson, had married one of the Pilkington sisters, and she belonged therefore to my father's generation. Cousin Anna became a Roman Catholic after her parents' death, and was at one time Lady Abbess at Worthing, Jerusalem, and Paris. After many years of conventual life, she was seized with home-sickness, and as she was suffering from illness, Cardinal Manning absolved her of her vows and she returned to ordinary life and society. She was a great traveller and protected herself by a mythical husband, whom she called "the General."

My great-grandfather and great-grandmother had five sons and four daughters. Jane, the eldest of the family, married Mr. Hancox, a bookseller at Liverpool, and had two sons and one daughter. Both her sons died young. Her

daughter Louisa I remember quite well as an old lady with ringlets.

The three other daughters of Thomas Booth—Esther, Mary, and Jessie never married. Her nephews and nieces remembered Aunt Esther very well, and described her as a gentle little lady with very sweet and courteous manners who, when they visited her, never let them go empty-handed away.

II

HENRY BOOTH

Henry Booth, the eldest son of Thomas Booth, was born in 1789. The following is an account which he wrote, a few years before his death, of his father's early days in Liverpool, and of the first forty years of his own life.

“My father, Thomas Booth, was a younger son of a yeoman farmer and small landowner in Orford, a parish or place a few miles from Warrington. When a boy, he was sent to Liverpool by his parents to work out his own fortune, just now a hundred years since, that is to say about 1764. He was fortunate in being bound apprentice to a respectable corn-merchant, in whose house he resided. I believe his master's name was Dobson, and that he lived in Clayton Square. There were very few houses in the Square, which at that time was near the outskirts of the

Town. According to the maps of that date the top of Church Street was the limit of the town in that direction : Bold Street, with its splendid shops and Lyceum Library, was not in existence, not even marked out in the map ; fields and waste ground extended in a south-easterly direction through the site of Gt. George Square etc., as far as Park Lane, which then stretched out as at present from the old Dock, the site of the present Custom-house, to the Ancient Chapel of Toxteth Park. The population of Liverpool at that date was under 30,000 souls, while at present it is nearly 500,000, but the commerce of the port was thriving. The African Trade, including the Slave Trade, in regard to which Liverpool held a bad pre-eminence, had been established some thirty years, and the records of the time state that seventy-four vessels sailed for Africa in the year 1764. In the following year Gore's first newspaper was published containing fifteen advertisements, and in 1766 the first Liverpool Directory was published in small octavo size. Another brother of my father, my uncle George Booth, also settled in Liverpool. The two men were very dissimilar in character. My uncle George was grave and thoughtful, slow in coming to a decision, fond of intricate calculations, whether in matters of account or in mechanical problems. My father was the man of business, prompt, energetic, and decisive. They were very many years in partnership, but it will be readily understood that my father

took the lead as acting partner, while my uncle generally acquiesced in his proceedings. They respected each other, and, though not demonstrative on either side, were evidently actuated by mutual esteem and regard. When my father's term of apprenticeship had expired, he started on his own account in the same business, and I perceive in the Liverpool Directory for 1774 the record of 'Thomas Booth, Corn Factor, 19 King Street.' At that early period of the commercial history of Liverpool, a young man of character, energy, and ability had probably not much difficulty, though possessing in the way of capital little beyond the personal qualities I have named, in laying the foundation of a tolerably successful career. The last quarter of the eighteenth century was evidently a period of energetic commercial enterprise, especially noted for the establishment of Inland Navigation. In 1774 the first boat was launched in the Leeds and Liverpool Canal. The Duke of Bridgewater's Canal was opened about the same period, and from that date to the close of the century the most important canals in the Kingdom were constructed.

"Having been in business some fourteen years my father probably considered himself in a position to become a family man. About 1785 he married Miss Esther Noble of Lancaster, and brought his bride to his residence in Union Street, at that period a pleasant part of the town near the 'Ladies' Walk' and the banks of the Leeds

Canal, which stretched for many miles through the open country to the northward of the town. My father had two daughters born to him, my sisters Jane and Esther, before I can presume to lay claim to having made my appearance in the world. Meanwhile trade, I apprehend, continued prosperous, for in four or five years after his marriage he removed to a commodious house, which he built for himself in Rodney Street, an open district at the opposite extremity of the town. I was the eldest son of my parents, and I understand the date when my excellent mother gave birth to her first boy was the 4th April 1789, and in the Liverpool Directory of 1790 I find the name of Thomas Booth at that time residing in Rodney Street. My scholastic education commenced in good time, for it so happened there was a dame's school of some repute immediately at the back of my father's house, in the ground now forming part of the precincts of St. Luke's Church. At three years old or thereabouts I entered on my literary labours. It was not many years after this epoch, before I was considered sufficiently advanced to be sent to a Boys' School in Duke Street, kept by the Rev. W. Lewin, Minister at Benn's Garden Chapel, situate in an out-of-the-way place leading from Red Cross Street, where my parents, being Presbyterian Dissenters, regularly attended. About the date of my father's marriage seems to have been something of an epoch in the commercial prosperity of the

town. In 1785 the first mail coach was established between Liverpool and London. At that date Castle Street, which led directly to the Town Hall, was so narrow that only two carriages could pass one another, but in the following year it was widened, and shortly became the most spacious and important street in the town. In 1786 the Music Hall in Bold Street was opened, an excellent concert room, where for many years Braham, Mrs. Billington, and other vocal celebrities exhibited their talents to delighted audiences. So Liverpool continued to enjoy a prosperous commerce, and in natural sequence to increase rapidly in brick and mortar."

Henry Booth from the dame's school went to the Rev. W. Shepherd's Boarding School at Gateacre, where he says there were about twenty other boys.

"At this time," his diary continues, "at the commencement of the nineteenth century whilst Liverpool was busy and prosperous, the political atmosphere was not free from disturbance. Bonaparte was approaching the zenith of his power; alarm was felt throughout the country at the mighty preparations which the great Napoleon was making for the Invasion of England. Liverpool was loyal as well as prosperous, and her great merchants showed themselves equal to the occasion. John Bolton, Esquire, raised a Regiment of Volunteers, of which he

became the Colonel. The Corporation gave their aid to the general movement, and two other Regiments were raised, one commanded by Col. Williams, an experienced officer, and the other by Col. Wm. Earle. Government testified approval by sending down His Royal Highness Prince William Duke of Gloucester, who took up his residence at St. Domingo House as Commander of the District. So we had mustering of Regiments with Drums and Fifes, parade days and reviews with flying of colours and firing of guns, all which was very agreeable in holiday time in my boyish schooldays. An incident in domestic life serves to strengthen my recollection of this early period of my life. My intimacy with a playfellow introduced me to a widow lady, Mrs. Holland, who with her two daughters resided in Rodney Street. An officer of Volunteers, Mr. Thos. Wilson, a tall and handsome man, was an accepted suitor for the hand of the eldest daughter, Mary Holland. Recollecting the striking figure and brilliant uniform of the gentleman, I cannot wonder that the evenings of parade or review days, while he was in full dress, should be selected on which to pay his devoirs to his betrothed. In due course they were happily married. Time has rolled on; the young lady then so blooming has passed away, and Mr. Wilson, now 85 years of age, still manfully holds on, though with feeble powers, and when I meet him occasionally on a genial day walking slowly along Myrtle Street or Hope Street,

we enjoy a friendly greeting with each other, befitting the kindest memories of years so long long past.

“Referring to the early days of this century, when Bonaparte was the object of dread rather than of admiration, and a military spirit was aroused amongst our trading communities, duelling was a marked, though not a favourable, sign of the time. In 1804 Mr. Sparling shot Mr. Grayson in a duel, and the next year Col. Bolton shot Major Brooks. We may congratulate ourselves that a more enlightened public opinion has put a stop to the barbarous practice of duelling.”

About 1804 Henry Booth left school and entered his father's office, but his tastes lay in different directions: as he himself says, “my taste pretty early showed itself for subjects of Natural Philosophy, Mechanics and Hydraulics.”

This liking for mechanics, which dates from his earliest days, is admirably illustrated in a story of Henry Booth's boyhood, told by Robert Smiles in his “Memoir of Henry Booth”:

“In the long past days of Mr. Booth's boyhood, Rodney Street, as well as others of even the older streets of Liverpool, was not so closely lined with houses as it is now. Mr. Thomas Booth's house had a garden in the rear, and on one side a large vacant space, now built upon, which was used by the children as a playground. Mr. Booth, who seems to have

been a kind and wisely indulgent father, took his children to the circus to witness the wonderful exploits of Ducrow, alias Craw, or some other itinerant equestrian of the period. The youngsters were doubtless greatly excited and vastly pleased by the visit, and Henry at once turned it to account. It is not recorded whether the boys held a council on the subject, but the probability is that Henry held office as director of the sports, without election, by virtue of seniority and superior capability. However this may be, he resolved, with the hearty concurrence of his younger brothers, Tom, Charles, and James, but without hope of effective assistance from them in the most difficult part of the enterprise, to establish a circus! He undertook, of necessity, at the same time willingly, the conjoined important offices of constructor of the circus, chief saddler, property-man (in theatrical parlance), carriage-builder, horse-breaker, master of the horse, with any other administrative offices necessary to be filled in carrying the project into effect. His first piece of work was to mark off and lay down suitably the circus ring, which was situated in the playground before referred to. 'Dandy,' the docile family pony—a real live pony and a great pet of the boys—had next to be broken to the ring, then furnished with a flat-topped saddle, suitable for equestrian performances: this piece of work Henry executed to the entire satisfaction of every member of the troupe. The provision

of a long rein, by which 'Dandy' could be driven from the centre of the ring, was a bagatelle to the master saddler. The carriage-builder's functions were more difficult and important, including, as they did, the construction of a war-chariot of somewhat similar pattern to those used in the time of Cyrus. But the chariots of Cyrus had probably tolerably straight runs for the greater part, and had never to describe curves as stiff as the periphery of the boys' playground circus. 'Dandy' would have had an awkward load indeed, the charioteers would have had a very uncomfortable ride, and the progress of the car round the ring would have been anything but the poetry of motion, if Henry had not been able to adapt the axles to the curve more skilfully and scientifically than is done in the railway carriages of the present day, the rigid rectangular axles of which cause the wheels to grind the rails of the curves round which they pass. The young amateur mechanic solved practically, in so far as the circumstances of 'the company' were concerned, the 'radial axle' problem, which has engaged so much attention since that time. He so contrived the axles of the circus carriage that they could be adjusted at right angles to the body of the vehicle, for an ordinary straight course, or as perfect radii from the centre of the ring, which gave a true, smooth, and easy motion. We are unable to give particulars as to the nature of the performances: they were probably

of a very simple character, as 'Dandy' would not be likely to acquire readily, and so perfectly as to make somersaults quite safe, the steady amble of the circus hack."

At the age of 20, however, it was the Literary and Social side of life that chiefly interested Henry Booth, and he left the office to devote himself for some years to the study of Political Economy, but not before he had made "some tentative efforts at poetry."

"In 1811," he says, "I published a Poem entitled 'Commerce,' and some years later I sent to the press 'Sebastian,' a tragedy. Neither of these publications won many laurels for their author, and it was not long before I entertained a strong conviction that poetry was not my forte."

It was during "the poetical epoch of his life" that he became acquainted with "one of the fair daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Crompton, of Chorley Hall." This was in the spring of 1812.

"It was quite consistent with the unfavourable opinion I always entertained of long courtships, that in the autumn of that year, our local papers announced that on the 12th of August of that year I was married to Ellen, eldest daughter of Abraham Crompton, Esq., of Chorley Hall in this county. It is pretty clear that the great subject of Political Economy and the disputed theories on population, did

not then engage much of my attention, and I believe that neither my wife's father nor mine had gone deep into those studies: so on our wedding tour (railways not being then invented) we made the most of a travelling chaise, and in buoyant spirits scampered up the picturesque hills, and through the luxuriant vales of Derbyshire, leaving abstruse theories, whether disputed or otherwise, till a more convenient season."

In the next ten years, however, after his marriage, the questions of Social and Economic Reform filled his mind, and he published a number of pamphlets on questions relating to the Poor Law, and the economic condition of the poor in large towns.

With regard to these pamphlets, now out of print, Smiles makes the following observation :

"Nine out of ten writers of pretentious books, some of which attain to a fair degree of popularity, have not a tithe of the vigour, fluency, information, versatility, spirit and general literary ability displayed in the pamphlets upon various subjects thrown off by Mr. Booth during the intervals of his fully occupied, busy life."

But his life's work was not to be connected with natural philosophy or with political economy, but with mechanics.

In 1815 steamboats were introduced on the River Mersey. Henry Booth now turned his

mind to the problem of steam locomotion, and became part-proprietor of the first steamer that sailed out of the port of Liverpool carrying passengers between the Mersey and Bagillt, a small place in Wales on the river Dee. The idea of the steamboat was soon followed by the scheme for a railway. To quote again from Henry Booth's notes :

“ Liverpool took an early and prominent part in the establishment of locomotion by railway, as well as by steam navigation. Mr. Jos. Sandars of this town had the honour of first introducing to public attention the scheme of a railway for the conveyance of goods and passengers between Liverpool and Manchester. The idea was taken up in good earnest, with but little delay, principally by the Liverpool merchants, but in part also by moneyed men in Manchester, both of whom had experienced the delays and inconveniences of the existing modes of conveyance by boats on the River Mersey up to Runcorn or Warrington, and thence by canal to Manchester. The first prospectus of the proposed railway was dated Liverpool, 29th October 1824, Mr. Charles Lawrence, then Mayor of Liverpool, being Chairman. The active interest which I took from the first in the novel project induced my friends to place my name in the list of Directors, which consisted principally of Liverpool merchants, but in part of residents in or near Manchester.

“After this date, for a considerable time, I devoted myself to the new enterprise—the proposed Liverpool and Manchester Railway. In 1825 we brought our ‘Bill’ into Parliament, where we had to fight long and arduously against powerful opponents. The landowners, blind to their own interests, and the wealthy proprietors of the existing canals were too strong for us, and the directors returned home beaten for the present.

“The following year, 1826, we renewed our efforts in Parliament and with better success. The Marquis of Stafford, proprietor of the ‘Duke’s Canal,’ had the good sense to look forward a few years. He made a sensible compromise, took a thousand shares which were offered him at par, that is to say at £100 each, in the proposed railway, and withdrew his opposition. Lord Derby was conciliated by a change of line, and we obtained our ‘Act.’

“Hitherto, as regards the ‘Liverpool and Manchester Railway’ all was promise and preparation; we had now to fulfil our promises—to carry into effect what at that time was really a great enterprise. There was much to be done. I was offered the post of principal officer under the Board of Directors, with the title of Treasurer, and henceforward I was prominently a railway man. Our first business was to appoint an engineer to undertake the construction of the line; and the Directors were not long in fixing upon George Stephenson, who was in possession of such experience as was then to be found,

having been brought up amidst colliery railways in the north of England. The next point to be determined was the kind of power to be used on the line : whether horses, fixed engines placed along the road from Liverpool to Manchester about two miles apart, and which would draw the wagons and carriages with goods and passengers by means of ropes or chains from one engine station to another : or, lastly, locomotive engines, in which case the power would move with the load which was to be drawn from Liverpool to Manchester. Horses were soon considered out of the question, but engineers were much divided in opinion on the respective merits of fixed engines and locomotives. The Directors sought scientific assistance on the subject, and pamphlets were written, which by no means decided the question.

“At length two Directors and myself undertook a journey of personal inspection to Darlington, Newcastle etc., where both descriptions of power were in use on the coal lines in those neighbourhoods. The locomotives we saw were rude and unsightly objects—but they did their work. Geo. Stephenson was, from the first, decidedly in favour of locomotives. The directors who undertook the journey of enlightenment on the subject arrived at the same conclusion, and the Board after due consideration decided that the power to be used on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway should be locomotive engines.

“When the line was so far constructed that a distance of two miles, on the summit of Rainhill, on nearly a level plain, was completed—that is to say on the 20th April 1829—the Directors offered a premium of £500 for the most efficient locomotive engine on certain conditions prescribed, one of which was that the weight was not to exceed *six* tons—and ‘that less weight would be preferred.’ This condition I refer to, as showing how little we understood at that date the measure of power and consequent weight of engine that would ultimately be required to give scope and effect to the railway locomotive, considering the work it would have to do—the weight in fact was increased from year to year till at length it has reached some twenty-six tons, and sometimes heavier, instead of *six* as then arbitrarily prescribed.

“The power of a steam-engine at that time as well as now depended on the rapidity with which steam could be produced, and the limited weight allowed by the conditions very much increased the difficulty. The problem to be solved was by what contrivance the largest quantity of *steam* could be raised in the shortest time, and in the smallest compass. In considering this question, it struck me that a great point would be gained, if by some contrivance we could bring the *fire* into closer proximity to the *water* to be boiled, and at the same time expose a larger heated surface to the water. I thought this might be done. If, instead of

passing the fire through the boiler by means of one large iron tube twelve inches diameter constructed of iron nearly half an inch thick, we could carry the fire through a multitude of copper tubes only two or three inches diameter and about the sixteenth of an inch thick, the point would be gained. We should obtain a much increased surface of heated metal exposed to the fire, while the fire at the same time would be brought much closer to the water, and the caloric therefore be so much the more readily introduced into the water, and steam consequently be so much the more rapidly generated, which was the object to be accomplished.

“I mentioned my scheme to Mr. Stephenson, and asked him if he would join me in building a locomotive to compete for the prize of £500 offered by the Directors, subject of course to the conditions prescribed. Mr. Stephenson took a day or two to look into the merits of the plan I proposed, and then told me he thought it would do, and would join me in the venture. It was agreed that Mr. Robert Stephenson, who was an engine *builder* at Newcastle-on-Tyne, should construct the competing locomotive, and was set to work accordingly. The important day of the competition was the 8th October 1829, but some time previous to that date Mr. Stephenson told me that his son Robert (who was building the engine at Newcastle) was very desirous to become a partner with his father and me in the venture for the prize. I had no wish to dilute

my interest in the little speculation I had entered upon, but as father and son seemed bent on it, I made no objection, and it was settled that we should share the profit or loss in the speculation proportionately, that is in thirds.

“On the day of trial four engines were on the ground, but, for some reason or other, two of them were not prepared to compete ; the contest therefore was between two only—the ‘Novelty,’ a beautiful locomotive on a new principle as regards the generation of the steam, the invention of Mr. Erricson—and our engine, which we had named the ‘Rocket.’

“The ‘Rocket’ tried its power first, and accomplished the seventy miles prescribed, running backwards and forwards in distances short of two miles on the Rainhill plain. The ‘Rocket’ fulfilled the conditions as to the weight of load drawn and the speed run and, I believe, in all other respects, so we had not much further anxiety on the subject. It was now the ‘Novelty’s’ turn and she started in excellent style, running very smoothly and rapidly for several miles. This beautiful commencement, however, shortly led to disappointment—some derangement of the machinery took place, and the ‘Novelty’ was brought to a standstill. On examination, the owners were of opinion that the defects observed might be remedied probably in a few hours. The judges, who saw much to admire in the appearance and working of the engine, agreed that she should

be allowed another trial on the following day. This arrangement was satisfactory to the owners, and business was suspended till the following morning. At the appointed time all parties interested were on the ground. The judges were ready and the owners of the 'Novelty' declared that the needful repair was effected, and the engine was ready to renew the trial. The spectators were eager to witness a second performance of the engine which in the first instance had promised so well. Neither in the first instance were they now disappointed. Rapidly and smoothly the 'Novelty' again glided along, amidst surrounding cheers, and nothing seemed wanting but to continue as she had begun : but here was the failure. She had not accomplished half her required task when she again broke down : the weak point showed itself a second time. The required speed, though maintained for a while, could not be relied on—again she came to a full stop, and it was evident she must be more completely repaired before continuous progress could be relied on. The judges had a conference with the owners : and having further ascertained that there was no other engine ready to enter the lists, they awarded the prize to the 'Rocket' engine, the peculiarity of which consisted of my newly invented multi-tubular boiler—which, indeed, has ever since formed a very important part in the construction of the locomotive engine."

Here the notes end abruptly. A reprint of the correspondence between George Stephenson and Henry Booth, during the construction of the "Rocket," was shown at the Franco-British Exhibition in 1908. It appears that the multi-tubular boiler had already been tried in France, but Henry Booth was obviously ignorant of this fact.

Posterity has hardly done full justice to the part taken by Henry Booth, as his name seldom appears now in connection with the "Rocket." At the time of the Railway Jubilee in 1880, his daughter, Mary Anne, writing to the papers on this point, says :

"The ' Rocket ' engine was built at Stephenson's works in Newcastle, but Henry Booth was the sole inventor of the multitubular boiler, by which a stationary was converted into a locomotive engine. Stephenson acknowledged at once the soundness of the principle, and undertook the construction of the engine. In this way it was the joint work of Stephenson and my father. But in a little while the world, as it is too apt to do, forgot the inventor, and now almost the whole credit of this, the first locomotive engine, is awarded to Stephenson. I remember well the excitement of this day fifty years ago, with what pride and joy it was anticipated, and how that joy was turned into sorrow and gloom by the sad accident of Mr. Huskisson's death.

“I remember, too, how for many years subsequently the model of the ‘Rocket’ was kept in a room in our house in Abercromby Square, devoted to scientific and mechanical experiments, and where this and the smaller inventions of the coupling-irons and the yellow grease (both still in use) were planned and matured by my father.”

The opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway took place on 15th September 1830, a year after the Rainhill trials. A letter written to her sister at Hampstead by my great-grandmother, Mrs. Fletcher, gives a vivid description both of the occasion and of the accident. Her daughter Emily had, in the previous year, married Henry Booth’s youngest brother, Charles.

Thursday.

“MY DEAR ELIZA,—I feel inclined to indulge myself with writing to you, therefore you must not be hurt if I pay the postage. You have heard that yesterday was to be our grand opening of the railway. You probably know that Mr. Henry Kinder gave us his ticket. You will doubtless hear immediately that there has been an accident to poor Mr. Huskisson, and it will be a satisfaction to you to know that the user of the ticket, and Charles and Emily, who also went, have not been in the slightest difficulty, and that there was no other accident the whole day to the engines or to the immense multitude, but this dreadful one. The day was fine, the

carriages and company perfect, the scene magnificent, the crowds immense. They went off in the finest style, the populace delighted and, as Emily describes it, every face was smiling and beaming with joy and satisfaction. In this way they went on about nineteen miles, not too rapidly that all might be safe, the whole way lined with people and stands and booths filled with all the surrounding gentry. There are two roads for carriages on the railway (I believe you saw it); on one went the military band, the Duke,¹ great people and directors, on the other all the rest, about 700 or 800 altogether. When they got to this place the Duke's steam-engine stopped to take on more water—other carriages were coming after at a distance—some of the gentlemen in the Duke's carriage got out, and Mr. Huskisson went round to speak to some ladies, and came to the side which was next to the other road. Seeing another carriage coming, the door was opened for him to get in, but whether the door slipped from his hand, or whether in his agitation he lost his footing, is not known, but he fell and one leg was caught by the machine and greatly fractured. Had he remained standing he could not have been injured, but it is supposed he lost his presence of mind, and thus threw himself into danger. The scene was most distressing and agitating to everybody. He called out to be left to die there, no doubt feeling dreadfully injured. The military car was

¹ The Duke of Wellington.

attached to one of the engines and the poor man laid upon it, and with Mrs. Huskisson, Lord Wilton, three medical men, and two or three more friends, was conveyed at the speed of thirty miles an hour to Eccles, to the Parsonage Home where Mr. Blackburn resided, who was known to some of the party, and whose house was close to the railroad. There was now a general delay ; for two hours there was a debate whether to go back to Liverpool or go on to Manchester ; the Duke and Sir Robert Peel, who were both greatly affected, declared they could go no further, and everybody felt and expressed that it would be a relief to return, but it was considered by the Directors and by all the influential men, that it would be a ruinous discredit to the whole undertaking if they did not proceed to Manchester, and that it would be impossible to say what the effect of the disappointment might be to the assembled multitude at Manchester : so they determined to go on, but with what changed feelings ! Every face was sad, no military band was with them, no bugles sounded, and the shouts as they passed had no return. Emily says nothing was ever so shocking or affecting as this contrast. When they arrived within five miles of Manchester the mob, weary of waiting, had actually filled the whole of the railroad, and to avoid crushing myriads they could only move at a snail's pace, and the noise and shouts and confusion were beyond everything, for neither

policemen nor soldiers could resist the dense crowd.

“At Manchester warehouses were prepared with a cold collation, but before the Liverpool party arrived many had got in without tickets, and the numbers made it most bewildering. In consequence of the engines being sent off with Mr. Huskisson, and for surgeons, and in consequence of the impossibility of moving rapidly along to fetch fresh water, there was considerable delay at Manchester, and several of the carriages did not get back till ten at night, Emily and Charles of the number: but thank God she is no worse and must after this be called, *well*; we were dreadfully uneasy. We heard a rumour in the evening that Mr. Huskisson was hurt, then that his leg was broken, then that he was so much injured that he could not recover, and the unexpected lateness of the return of the carriages (for five was the latest talked of) made us dread everything. However, they came safe at last, and we hoped the morning would bring happier news of the poor sufferer; but this morning we found that he died last night about nine.

“I cannot describe to you the horror and grief of *everybody here*. Our member, a man beloved by all parties, looked up to by the nation—his wife by his side—surrounded by friends interested in him, everything conspires to render the blow shocking and awful. Nothing is spoken of to-day but this. Every face wears a settled

gloom. The shops are half-shut—the Duke is gone—the festivities all put a stop to—Mr. F. was to have dined with the Mayor and Corporation to-day in the grand assembly-room, and to have been in a steamboat on the river this morning with the Duke; and there was to have been a ball to-night, and the Duke was to have dined with the Town on Saturday; but it is right that all is given up, and it is right that such an awful dispensation should be felt by everybody. I sincerely hope that this afflicting accident will not injure the concern, and that no blame will attach to the engineers. The distress of engineers and directors is, you may believe, very great indeed—but whatever delay or difficulty there was afterwards is almost entirely attributable to the delay, loss of engines, and confusion which the accident created—and it is thought by everybody that if it had not happened, all would have gone well through the day.

“Is it not surprising that Mr. Huskisson should have gone into a situation where there was a probability of danger, and more especially when he was delicate, and one leg numb since his last illness? I would send you a Liverpool paper to-day, but the edition is all sold up, and I cannot send you to-morrow’s paper till Saturday. I hope I shall remember it then. We have got all our girls home and everybody is well. John Taylor brought them from Coed-dhu, and remains with us till Sunday. I wrote

to you by somebody a week ago, I hope you got it. I have a plaid of Enfield's, which he has overgrown, that I shall make a parcel of for one of your boys some time soon, but I shall wait till we have some lots of letters to send.

"I hope you are getting benefit from Hampstead air. I have to thank Robert for a kind letter of congratulation, which I shall do by the first opportunity. I hope you will find a means of writing before long.

"Farewell, my dear Sister,

"Ever yours,

"A. F."

The following patents were taken out by Henry Booth: the second and the third cover the important inventions:

4367/1819 Propelling boats, by horizontal reciprocating pistons with hinged flaps.

6814/1835 Grease for axle-boxes.

6989/1836 Coupling railway carriages by double screw coupling.

7335/1837 Furnaces for locomotive boilers, with steeply inclined grate, and hopper for feeding fuel.

9184/1841 Propelling vessels by means of reciprocating side - paddles (feathering).

In 1846 a Testimonial was presented to Henry Booth by the directors of the Manchester

and Liverpool Railway, with a present of 3000 guineas and silver candelabra. The names of the subscribers are interesting as they come from all over England.

After Henry Booth's death in 1869, his daughter sent a copy of his biography to various prominent men, and received acknowledgments from W. E. Gladstone, John Bright, and others expressing appreciation of the pioneer-work done by her father.

His statue stands in St. George's Hall, Liverpool. Of his personal character a friend, writing to Smiles, says :

“Above all things Henry Booth was a just and truthful man. His religion was like himself, simple, sincere, earnest, practical. It was once remarked, depreciatingly, of one who made no religious profession, that he had no religion to speak of. When this remark was reported to him he said calmly, ‘It is true; I have no religion *to speak of*.’ So with Mr. Booth, religion was a thing not to speak of, but to live by. He professed little, but did much. To him it was a reward dearer than renown that for all coming generations of men, in every region of the world, he was working to the full measure of his strength in a silent but blessed revolution.”

Henry Booth had six children, but only

two survived him, a son, Crompton Booth, and a daughter, Mary Anne. "Cousin Mary Anne" stands out prominently in the memories of our girlhood. She never married, and died at the age of 86, in 1908. She was a woman of strong character and intellectual tastes, a good conversationalist, with a caustic humour which sometimes alarmed people. She had a wonderfully erect little figure, as erect at eighty as it ever had been in her teens, with a neat and shapely foot and ankle, of which she was very proud. I remember her telling us with zest that, when a younger cousin sent her a present of a small cushion, on her eightieth birthday, she acknowledged it with many thanks, but with the comment "I never lean back."

III

THOMAS AND JAMES BOOTH

Thomas, my great-grandfather's second son, was unlike the others in face and character, for he was of the stout and genial kind. He remained unmarried, though tradition has it that he and my father's aunt, the eldest Miss Fletcher, "beautiful Aunt Harriet" as the nephews and nieces called her, were in love with each other. Nobody has given any explanation why they did not marry and live happily ever after. As it was, Uncle Tom remained

a merry old bachelor, with a sixpence always in his pocket for the nephews and nieces, and Aunt Harriet became the mainstay of her father's house after her mother's death, and a much beloved aunt to her sisters' children. Thomas and my grandfather, Charles, carried on their father's business, though they let the shipping part of it lapse. Thomas was also a director of the London and North-Western Railway Company.

James, who was the fourth son, must have inherited some of his father's awe-inspiring characteristics, for my mother used to say she had never seen anyone who alarmed her more at a first meeting than Uncle James; but he was really the gentlest of men and to many he was the most attractive of the brothers.

He was born in 1797; after being at school in Liverpool, he went to St. John's College, Cambridge; he was called to the Bar in 1824, and practised in the Chancery Courts. His ability soon made itself felt, for he was put on to the Royal Commission on Municipal Corporations of England and Wales in 1833, and six years later was appointed Counsel to the Speaker of the House of Commons. He undertook the preparation of Bills in an improved form, and Select Committees constantly expressed appreciation of these "Model Bills," as they were called.

His great work was the preparation of the Lands Clauses Consolidation Acts, of which the Commissioners for the Revision of the Statute Laws said in their report, "Nothing in modern legislation has been so successful as these Acts," and Lord Chancellor Cranworth called attention to them in the House of Lords, with the words, "Whoever has devised these Acts is a public benefactor." They in fact worked a revolution in the private legislation of the Houses of Parliament. He subsequently gave great assistance to his friend Sir John Romilly in the preparation of various legislative measures for the Government, the principal of these being the Act to regulate the proceedings of the High Court of Chancery in Ireland. The Lords of the Treasury thus referred to this Act :

"With regard to one of the measures so prepared by Mr. Booth, Sir John Romilly states that the Bill for reforming the Court of Chancery in Ireland was entirely drawn by him, and has received repeated commendation in Parliament on all sides ; and that it was the first beginning of substantial Reform in that department either in England or Ireland."

In 1850 he accepted the office of Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade, holding it till 1865. At his retirement he was made C.B. A few years before his death, in 1880, he acted on

a Commission to enquire into the organisation and working of Trade Unions.

He wrote several pamphlets on legal subjects, but he published only one book—a treatise on religion entitled “The Problem of the World *v.* the Church,” which contained fairly advanced views for those mid-Victorian days.

He married his cousin Miss Jane Noble, and spent the best part of his life in London, having his home in Hyde Park Square. Though he bought a property in Ireland, he never, I think, lived there, and it was left to his only son George to settle in that country.

IV

CHARLES BOOTH

My grandfather, Charles Booth, was the youngest of the family. He, too, went to Dr. Shepherd's school at Gateacre, but was very unhappy there, according to the recollections of Aunt Anna. For Dr. Shepherd, apparently considered something of an educational celebrity in Liverpool during the early days of the nineteenth century, seems to have been a most terrifying old man, and my grandfather, a gentle, shy little boy, suffered agonies under his birch-rod régime. It was the recollection of his own

miseries, my aunt said, that made him so anxious his own boys should have a happy childhood; and she remembered how he would often spend the evenings helping them with their Latin and other work.

If my grandfather had not the brilliant qualities of Henry and James which made them men of prominence, he had his full share of ability, for Thomas and he carried on the business with success. The Rev. John Hamilton Thom, the saintly minister at Renshaw Street Chapel, and the life-long friend of my grandfather, speaks of his character as having been singularly attractive in its "uprightness, sincerity, unaffected goodness and utter unpretendingness." Mr. Thom's tribute to him, after his death, brings out many points of close resemblance to my father. Particularly when he says of him that he was the kind of man to whom

"notoriety would have been destructive of all that was most distinctive in him. . . . The peculiarity of his service was in its thoroughness, its courtesy, its kindness and its modesty. He served silently, and in serving withdrew all notice from himself. When he undertook any duty, though it might involve much personal care, much pains in interesting other men, we heard nothing more of it, except that it was done. He was always willing to share in

difficulties, and to smooth down troubles where once he had cast in his lot. Whatever the results might be, success or failure, he accepted either with the heart of a perfect gentleman, and with that ease and gracious honour which conveyed the assurance of his confidence, that whether you succeeded or failed, you had been doing your utmost for him."

Old-fashioned phrases perhaps, but spoken from the heart, and after reading them it is not surprising that the first and lasting impression which my grandfather made on others was one of extreme courtesy and kindness.

At the time of his marriage, my grandfather was living with his parents at "The Lodge," a commodious house which my great-grandfather had built when he moved out of "town." The house stood where the Liverpool College now stands, and the garden covered the end of Greenheys Road. This house gave the name to Lodge Lane.

Charles Booth was thirty years old when he married Emily Fletcher, a marriage which was acceptable to both families, and proved a very happy one.

CHAPTER II

RECOLLECTIONS OF PAST GENERATIONS OF THE ENFIELD AND FLETCHER FAMILIES

I

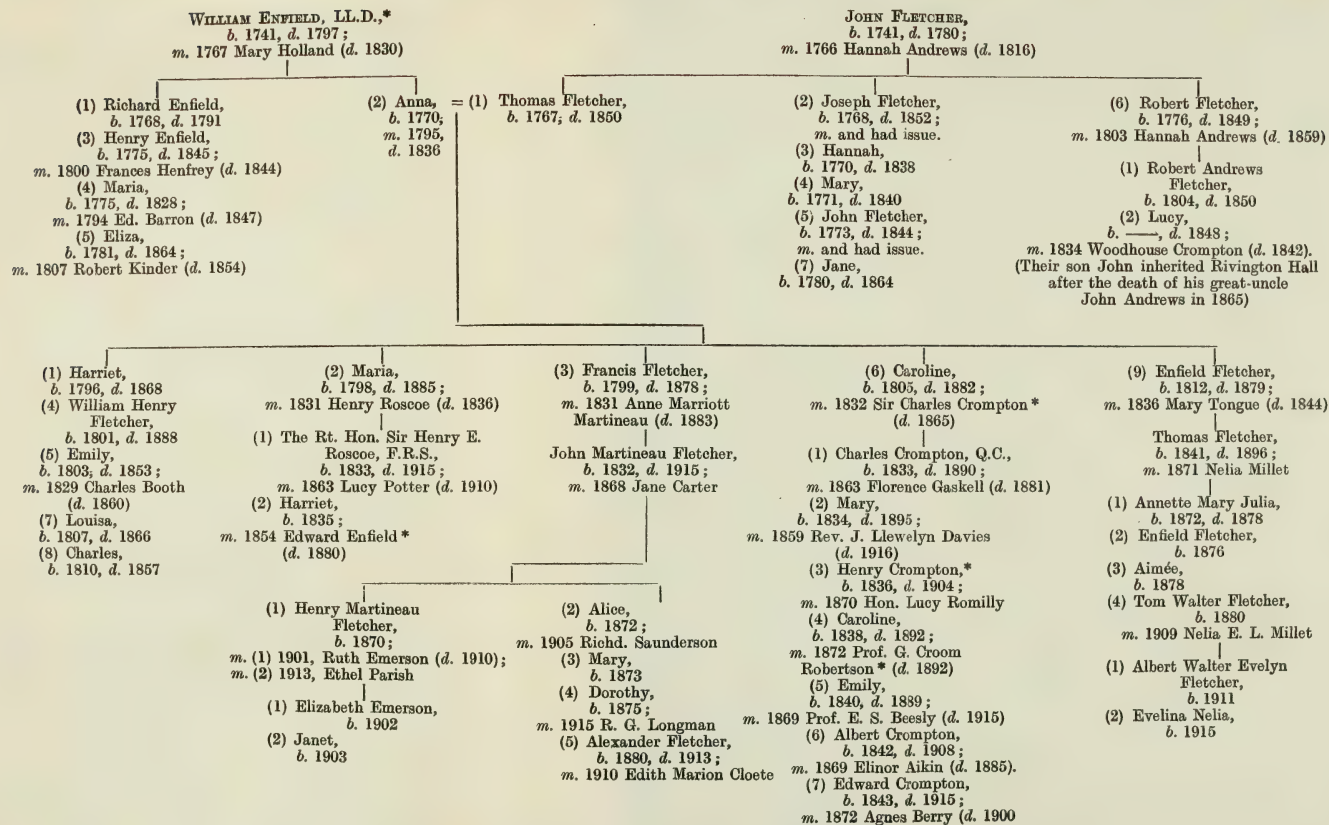
DR. AND MRS. ENFIELD

My grandmother was one of five sisters. They were the daughters of Thomas and Anna Fletcher, who were married at Norwich on 1st October 1795.

Thomas Fletcher was a native of Liverpool, and a West India merchant. A full account of himself, his life, and times may be found in his "Autobiography," printed by my father in 1893.

Anna Fletcher was the eldest daughter of the Rev. William Enfield, D.D., of Norwich, minister at the Octagon Chapel. Before his appointment as minister to the chapel at Norwich, Dr. Enfield had been the last rector of the famous Warrington Academy, where, to quote from Sir Edward Thorpe's "Life of Sir Henry Roscoe," Dr. Enfield's great-grandson,

GENEALOGY OF THE ENFIELDS AND FLETCHERS



* Denotes mentioned in *The Dictionary of National Biography*.

“ he had as colleagues at one time or another, Joseph Priestley, the chemist; Taylor of Norwich; Aikin, the father of Mrs. Barbauld; John Reinhold Forster, the naturalist to one of Cook’s expeditions; and Gilbert Wakefield, the editor of ‘*Lucretius*.’ Dr. Enfield was, moreover, a man distinguished for elegance of taste and sound judgment, author of a ‘*History of Liverpool*,’ and of the well-known ‘*Speaker*.’ ”

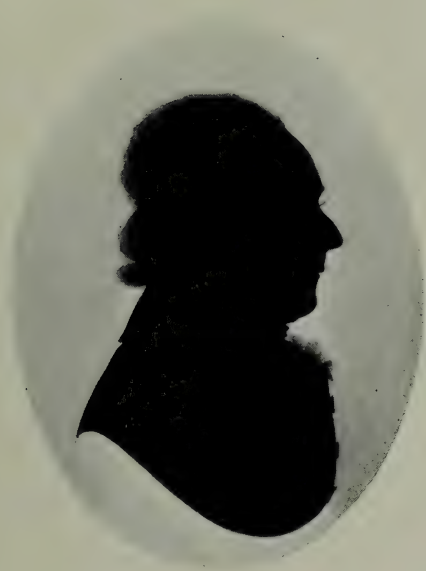
Norwich was a place of liberal and literary traditions, and Dr. Enfield and his family no doubt found there a congenial atmosphere, though, perhaps, they were looked at with scant favour by the more orthodox. Their most intimate friends were the Gurneys of Earlham. This friendship, and the romance connected with it, have been admirably told by my great-aunt Roscoe, Anna Enfield’s second daughter. Of the beginning of the friendship she says :

“ The elder part of this beautiful, romantic and original family was just growing up, and there was a group of little boys and girls beside, when my grandfather’s family became acquainted with them. My grandfather, being at that time Minister of the Octagon Chapel in Norwich, lived with his family (three daughters and a son) in a house in St. George’s nearly opposite the Chapel. My mother was about 24 ; my uncle, a young energetic, enthusiastic youth full of fun and fire and

spirit, about 19 ; Maria was a year younger, a very beautiful, simple-hearted girl ; Eliza 14, and as ripe for a romantic friendship as perhaps any of the party.

“My grandfather and grandmother were social, kind people, little inclined to damp young people in their ardour or pursuits, so all parties being enchanted with each other to begin with, nothing hindered their running helter-skelter into a desperate friendship, which accordingly was formed between the Enfield and Gurney families ; and even to this day the parties cannot recur to those days of youthful happiness without tears of tender recollection. Hardly a day passed without the Gurneys all coming to St. George’s, some on ponies or in gigs or walking, and the times spent at Earlham by the Enfields were times of such rare enjoyment and excitement as made everything else seem insipid and tedious. Here in the country, and a great family house, they might all run wild, and with music and drawing and poetry, gild the fleeting hours.

“I hardly know what sort of a man Mr. Gurney was—he was not a first-rate character by any means, and rather a *wet quaker*. I should think he left the young people much to themselves, but made their friends very welcome to his house. My grandmother and grandfather were often there too, and were nearly as enthusiastic as any of their children about Earlham and the Earlhamites. When they used to come back after a visit at ‘Arlham,’ as they called it, my



REV. WILLIAM ENFIELD, D.D.

mother has often told us, they were quite spent and fit for nothing else, the excitement was so great. The young people had all sorts of frolics, such as dressing up as gypsies, and visiting all the cottages about to tell fortunes, and a variety of such amusements. Then Rachel sang bewitchingly, and my mother was also a delightful singer.

“Fishing, boating, sitting out under the trees reading, and visiting the poor neighbours, all were, when done hand-in-hand by *such friends*, delightful amusements. In short, ‘Arlham,’ its inhabitants and its pleasures we have always been taught to consider as something *superhuman*.”

The natural consequence of this intimacy was a love affair between Henry Enfield and one of the Gurney girls, Rachel. But although Mr. Gurney had allowed the friendship, any idea of marriage between the two families he considered out of the question, both on religious and worldly grounds. Rachel was instructed to dismiss her lover, and the Enfield family was henceforth exiled from Earlham. Mr. Gurney, however, when he found Rachel depressed and unhappy, put a limit to his displeasure, and intimated that Henry Enfield might once again see Rachel in two years’ time. Meanwhile Henry, with a sore heart and offended pride, sought and found consolation at Nottingham, in the person of the “enchancing Fanny.”

Months rolled by, Rachel pined and drooped, until her father, anxious for her health, decided to withdraw his opposition, and sent his confidential servant to Nottingham to ascertain whether the rumours concerning Henry Enfield's engagement were correct. The messenger returned only to bring back the news that Henry was already married. History relates that Rachel Gurney never married, and remained true to her first and only love.

Catherine Gurney, alluding to the friendship between the two families, wrote years afterwards :

“Before I lost my mother I attended some lectures of Dr. Enfield's and conceived a most enthusiastic admiration for the Misses Enfield, which I never ceased to retain. One of my greatest desires was to be better acquainted with them. On looking back through the distance of years upon our intercourse, I feel there was a singular congeniality of natural character between us, and I always remember these friends of our youth with a most peculiar love and interest. They were charming young people, gifted by nature, and much cultivated, highly pleasing in person and manners.”

Louisa Gurney, in her inimitable journal, thus describes Anna Enfield. Louisa at the time was twelve years old.

14th November 1797.

“On Monday Anna Enfield came. I think I

hardly ever felt so much as when the coach came to the door: we four stayed in the little parlour. She went up into Kitty's room, and we followed. There, on a chair by the fire, sat a thin woman in a large bonnet, completely dressed in black. I could not believe it was our own Anna; she looked inexpressibly interesting. She took her bonnet off, and then I began to recognise the features of our most dear Anna Enfield. She had a mob cap on, with a black crape band round it, a black neckcloth, a coarse black muslin handkerchief, and a black cotton gown. She looked thin and white, but I never saw anyone look so charming. I thought I should have cried, she looked so very unhappy, but she spoke little. I marked all her actions and all her words, because I thought as I looked at her, 'Ah! dear Anna, I shall not see thee again for a long while.' "

In the summer of 1793, some of the Enfield family went on a journey to the English Lakes. The party consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Enfield, Anna, Maria, the second daughter, Mr. Barron,¹ engaged

¹ Edward Barron is described as follows by Robert Louis Stevenson in his *Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin*. Mrs. Fleeming Jenkin was the granddaughter of Edward and Maria Barron, the child of their youngest daughter Eliza.

" Edward Barron, the son of a rich saddler or leather merchant in the borough, was a man typical of the time. When he was a child he had once been patted on the head in his father's shop by no less a man than Samuel Johnson, as the Doctor went

to Maria, and his friends Mr. and Miss Norgate of Nethersett.

The party went from Norwich by way of Nottingham, Halifax, and the Yorkshire Dales to Keswick. The following extracts are taken from letters written during the tour by my great-great-grandmother to her youngest daughter Eliza, who was left at home.

Of their experiences in Yorkshire Mrs. Enfield writes :

“We yesterday were greatly delighted with seeing one of the grandest and most sublime scenes I ever saw, Gordale Scar. I cannot describe it, no description can do justice to it. We saw it at the close of evening which rendered

round the borough canvassing for Mr. Thrale ; and the child was true to this early consecration.

“ ‘ A life of lettered ease spent in provincial retirement,’ it is thus that the biographer of that remarkable man, William Taylor, announces his subject ; and the phrase is equally descriptive of the life of Edward Barron. This chosen companion of William Taylor must himself have been no ordinary man ; and he was the friend, besides, of Borrow, whom I find him helping in his Latin. But he had no desire for popular distinction, lived privately, married a daughter of Dr. Enfield of Enfield’s *Speaker*, and devoted his time to the education of his family, in a deliberate and scholarly fashion, and with certain traits of stoicism that would surprise a modern. From these children we must single out his youngest daughter, Eliza, who learned under his care to be a sound Latin, an elegant Grecian, and to suppress emotion without outward sign, after the manner of the Godwin School. This was the more notable, as the girl really derived from the Enfields, whose high-flown romantic temper I wish I could find space to illustrate.”—*Papers of Fleeming Jenkin*, vol. i.

one of the most awfully grand scenes still more grand and awful. We met with many little difficulties and comical adventures on the way to it, but these enhanced the pleasure, and serve us to laugh at when we are sat quietly down. Some of us reached Settle, where we now are, at three o'clock in the morning, some at six, but after a few hours' sleep to recruit weary'd nature, we are all met together as gay and as happy as possible, with a fund of laughable occurrences for conversation. Mr. Barron's and Mr. Norgate's horses perform to admiration, and go up and down these tremendous hills with ease and safety. The two young ladies, who are such very young travellers, are very bold and courageous, and highly delighted with the new scenes which every day presents to them."

From Settle they went by easy stages to Keswick.

"The weather," Mrs. Enfield writes, "is remarkably fine, so that we have been able to enjoy these beautiful scenes in their highest perfection: we have stopped to view everything that was worth seeing as we have gone along, and as few pleasures can be purchased without some pain, we have ascended and descended and overcome all difficulties to get a sight of the object we had in view, that is, the young folks have; we old people sometimes sit at the bottom or part way up of a high mountain, content with the prospect *that* situation affords us, and leave the young

ones to scramble up, which they do to admiration. The lakes are beautiful: I could sit upon their banks or sail upon their bosom with pleasure the whole day. It is the highest treat I have: everything is so serene, so beautiful, so enchanting that it calms the soul to peace. The mountains which surround these enchanting spots, and which one passes through to reach them, fill the mind with admiration and astonishment; they are grand beyond every idea I before had formed. Your father says the scenes we are now viewing are Nature's Essay on the sublime and beautiful. Yesterday the whole party, myself excepted, went to view some beautiful scenes around this place which could only be seen on horseback, you would have been amused to have seen the prancing beautiful steeds they mounted. They rode about sixteen miles, and returned quite alive and gay and very much delighted; to-day they are all gone upon another ramble of the same kind, in the same elegant style; about twenty-two miles they are to go to-day. Don't you think these are great undertakings for your father, who is so little used to riding, and for Maria, who had never rode any before? But I believe these scenes make everybody young and bold except poor me. I own fear of riding got the better of curiosity. Mr. Barron urged me very much to venture myself upon a double horse behind him, but I do not love purchasing any pleasure for myself by giving pain or trouble to others, so I was resolute in declining his kind

offer ; besides, I thought he would have enough to do in attending to his love and pushing her up, and thought if any accident of that kind happened to her I might chance to be *kicked* off, as poor Mrs. Lightbody once was by your father ! To-morrow they mean to ascend Skiddaw, if possible in time to behold from its summit the sunrise, and in the evening leave this place for Penrith."

Then come injunctions as to where Eliza should write next, and messages "to tell Molly to get Mr. Burdet to whitewash the parlours, kitchen, scullery and the staircase up to my room door, to be done yellow as he did it before—no painting."

From Keswick they turned southwards, and the letters record some minor misadventures, such as "the breaking of the chaise, and an overturn" ; but no one seems to have been at all hurt.

In Liverpool they had many friends, and here they spent a week, Anna staying with the Fletchers in Renshaw Street, and the rest of the party at "The Hotel," Lord Street, which, according to Thomas Fletcher, was the principal inn in the place.

"We dined yesterday at Mr. Yates', who had collected a very huge party of our old friends round him, and a very delightful day we had: The young folks accompanied by Mr. Taylor went to the play."

Dr. Enfield was pressed to stay in order that he might preach on Sunday, but his wife is forced to admit that he cannot do so, because he has mislaid his sermons ! As she explains to Eliza :

“The sight of our old friends here who have received us with more cordiality and affection, I think, than ever, has been a treat greater than I can describe. We have found great difficulty in prevailing upon them and ourselves to be contented with so short a visit, for we must leave, alas ! on Saturday. Your father’s old friends say they will never forgive him for not preaching to them ; but that is out of his power, for do you know, Eliza, that he has been so unfortunate, or so careless as either to lose his sermons, or else leave them at Nottingham. Is not this a sad accident ? I own myself I should have been highly gratified if it had been possible for us to have stayed here over Sunday. I should have liked to have heard Mr. Yates preach in his new Meeting. It is a very handsome building, and must look very well indeed when filled by a genteel congregation ; but I fear it is not possible for us to stay. Our plan is to spend the next week in seeing Buxton and Matlock and the curiosities about the places ; be at Nottingham the Sunday after ; and the next week after return to Norwich by Cambridge. This plan makes us out longer by a week than we intended, and that is the full length of time your father can give.”

It is certainly gratifying to find that Liverpool then, as now, had a reputation for hospitality and gaiety, as testified by Mrs. Enfield, and also by the following letter written by Miss Wakefield of Nottingham, while on a visit to Mr. Thomas Fletcher :

17th December 1803.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am leading such a rambling kind of life at present, that I hardly know what kind of account to give you of myself. My last visit was to Mr. Rathbone at Greenbank, to whom I wish I could have the pleasure of introducing you, for I think, taking them all together, they are the most amiable and interesting family I ever knew. I left them last week, and shall return in about ten days, when their sons come back from Mr. Belsham’s. I shall afterwards spend a few days at Eton House, Wavertree, and then pay some more visits in this noisy, gay town, so full of money and extravagances. . . . I am at present with Mrs. Fletcher, and if you should chance to meet with Mrs. H. Enfield, I will thank you to remember me kindly to her, and inform her where I am.

“I am at present harassed with the toothache, which breaks my rest and makes me as cross as two sticks ; it confines me to the house all the morning, but somehow or other I contrive to go out in a chair at nights to pay visits. This evening, Saturday, I am going to a large party ; on Monday to another ; and on Tuesday to a

concert at which the wonderful musical child is to perform—there's for you, who would not be a fine lady; for my part I think it vastly agreeable *for a few days*, but then I begin to have had enough, and long for a little peace in the country. Prince William makes this town full of gaiety and fashion, notwithstanding the alarming situation of the time, which nobody seems to think about. I hope you have seen Lady Wortley Montague's letters. I enjoyed them exceedingly, and laughed very heartily at her graceful scandal, which is superior to anything of the sort I ever saw. None of our Liverpool literati is occupied at present over any grand undertaking except Mr. Roscoe, who is very busy preparing his 'Life of Leo X' for the press. Mr. Rathbone indeed is going to publish, but it is all about Quakers, and you know that does not interest us Socinians.

"If you favour me with a letter within ten days, direct to Mr. Thomas Fletcher's, Ranelagh Place; if after that time, to Mr. Rathbone's, Greenbank, near Liverpool, and in a week after to Dr. Crompton's. Present my kind respects to Mr. and Mrs. H.

"Believe me,

"Ever yours most sincerely,

"A. WAKEFIELD."

To return to the travellers. They continued their journey viâ Wales to Buxton and Matlock, and finally home by way of Nottingham and Cambridge.

From Buxton Mrs. Enfield writes :—

“These young folks, my dear Eliza, have so much to see and so much to do, that they never find time to write to you, so you must be content with me for a correspondent./ You know I am not fond of letter-writing—but when I am away from any of my children, the desire to converse with them by the means of pen and ink gets the better of the aversion I have to writing. I think it a very long time since I heard from you, and begin to feel very anxious to hear how you go on. This evening I hope to meet our dear Henry at Matlock, and I trust that he will bring me a letter from you full of good tidings. I am very anxious to see our dear Henry, as I find by the papers that there has been a riot at Nottingham. I know his active spirit would lead him into the midst of such a scene, particularly when his friends were attacked, and I hear that the Mayor had his windows broken, and that they fired from his house; we could not have heard from Henry since this happened, as we had not given him lately any direction, only to meet us at Matlock on this day. I am in hopes that Mr. Cobham will meet us too; he said he would if possible. We shall go to Nottingham on Monday, and on Tuesday set our faces homeward, where we hope to arrive safe on Saturday evening.

“We left Liverpool last Saturday regretting that our stay there was obliged to be so short; on that day we dined at Allerton with good old Mrs. Herdman, whom it is probable we shall never see again. We got to Warrington in the

evening, and left it on Sunday after service, so that I had not time to call upon anybody. We were at Mr. Bent's, and there met with Mr. Percival, and Mrs. Moulton and her daughters; and at Chapel I saw and spoke to many of our old friends. We spent two or three days in Wales this week very pleasantly indeed. You will probably have heard from Mrs. Norgate many particulars about it, as Miss Norgate wrote a long letter to her mother. This morning they are all gone to explore the *caverns* of Derbyshire.

"Adieu, my dear Eliza, remember me affectionately to all our good friends,

"I am

"Your affectionate Mother,

"M. E."

The last of the letters has instructions for Molly the maid, which seem delightfully familiar, in spite of the lapse of 120 years.

"Tell Molly to prepare the house for us; to get *immediately* a cask of beer from Mr. Gildert's; and on Saturday morning to make us some currant tarts; to buy us a small piece of a sirloin of beef; and to have a loin of lamb cut into steaks, or else some veal cutlets ready to cook when we arrive; to get the box of plate home, and set William to clean it."

And so ended this adventurous journey.



ANNA ENFIELD, MRS. THOMAS FLETCHER

II

THOMAS AND ANNA FLETCHER

Anna was married in 1795, two years after this expedition. In his autobiography Thomas Fletcher describes his courtship, and the journey to Norwich to fetch his bride, and the subsequent home-coming to Liverpool. The marriage was a very happy one. Anna was a voluminous correspondent, and wrote frequently to her father, mother, and sisters, to whom she was devoted.

She had an ardent loving nature, and distinct intellectual gifts. The following letter was written a year after her marriage to her younger sister Eliza, whose family nickname seems to have been "Twopenny."

The use of the Quaker "thee" shows the Earlham influence, while the effusive style takes us back to the days of "Evelina" and "Lord Orville."

St. Anne's Street: 28th September 1796.

"My mother's birthday I declare, and when thee gets it, our wedding day! Beloved friends at home, accept all my good wishes, all my fond thoughts on these two interesting days. The 1st October shall not pass over without something from me. Oh! that you could have all of me on that never-to-be-forgotten day. Will you all meet?—will you dine at the Court House?—we did, you know, last year, and I wish you may

this. I want to know whether you mean *to do anything*, or to spend the day *separate*. If you do *I never will forgive you*. Oh! if a wish could transport me to you! *I and mine* should soon be seated amongst you—but even though separated from you let me be happy: be ye happy—for know, that *your Anna, your own Anna*, possesses every comfort, every blessing. Twelve months have served to prove that her husband is all that is *amiable, excellent* and *lovable*; that not one thought or action ever sullied the purity of his life; that his first and dearest wish is to make her happy; and that his tenderness and kindness are unchangeable! *One year* has added more solid comfort and lasting blessings than I could have believed possible—and I fear I might be too fond of this world if *you were all around me*!

“Often and often, my parents, my Henry and my Eliza, do I want to pour into your tenderly interested bosoms my joyful feelings, and soon I shall be able. On Monday do you not set off, Mother? and Henry? dearly beloved father—thanks, a thousand warm thanks to *thee*.

“But, *Twopenny*, this letter was to have been *solely* to thee. I took up a *tippy sheet* to have a little say with thee, and I am run off, thee finds, in a long rigmarole to the whole family. Yet, my dear Eliza’s heart will not complain, for, if I guess right, the first page has already given her as much pleasure as if it had been addressed merely to her. My dear love, how I long to see

thee ! I hear thee are growing and altering, and I can't bear not to be seeing how it is ; and I feel that I love thee so *very* dearly that I would give almost anything to kiss thee and tell thee so. Well—patience and we shall meet ! a month or two, and then *you* too will be sallying forth. Does thee not feel very odd at the thought of it—the first time of *going abroad* and without thy mother or thy sister ? Oh ! how pleasantly you will jog on together, and how kind and attentive you will be to one another. The warmth of affection will thaw the frost of December, and then what a meeting we shall have ! There is much to happen first indeed, but when I can embrace you all, and give you my little darling to kiss, what ecstasy shall I feel ! The thought is almost crazing—husband, father, mother, sister, child, all surrounding me : if one or two or three or four more could be added—but I *will* wish for nothing more when I have that group. My mother, I hope, sets off on Monday ; tell her, I do beg, she will not come in the mail, if it is possible to do otherwise, and if she *must*, that she will stop at Warrington, where she may *sleep*—I shall write to her though, I believe, in London. Well, my lady aunt, *doubly and trebly aunt*, and what are thee doing and thinking and wishing and hoping ? Thy affectionate heart has entered deeply into the agitating bustles of our little world ; thee has felt for all I am sure. I am very anxious to know what they are all doing now. Something new is so continually springing up, that I cannot

bear to be many days without a letter. When my mother has left you, I do lay my absolute commands upon *thee* to rise very early, and to devote an hour a day to me. Keep a sheet constantly afloat, and put down anything—connected or not, it does not signify. My father has not *time*; Maria has a *bad habit* of not writing—those dear, dear Gurneys, I fear, must not. And so, Eliza, let me look to thee with confidence; remember how much pleasure thee has it in thy power to give me. How many pleasant hours thee and I will spend together, my sister, when they leave thee *under my care*. Does not thee look forward to it with longing? I am sure I do. We will *study* and *play* and *work* and *nurse* together, and when we are tired within doors we will ramble out, and as we enjoy the fresh breeze we will relate to each other tales of former times, and build castles for the future. Drawing thee shall study under my husband; music and French I will be thy instructress in, and in return for this we will only ask thy love, and thy care of our little treasure. So shall time pass, Eliza, and so will we be happy. I am hard at it stitching away; I get laughed at for having bestowed so much work upon *night caps*; but who would grudge *anything*? I copy yours completely. Hannah is come to stay here two or three days; my husband is gone to Rivington but returns on Friday night; he is obliged to go to dismiss the boy Tom from our service, who has been naughty. On Saturday *you will think of us*;



THOMAS FLETCHER

we shall dine at three; about four we shall be eating grapes and drinking your health, and oh! how will my heart be sighing for you all. Dearest friends! May every comfort and every blessing be yours, prays your own daughter and sister."

Dr. Enfield was a more prosy correspondent, to judge from this letter, which was evidently the first he wrote to Anna after she left home, and is a characteristic eighteenth-century epistle.

Norwich : 30th November 1795.

"Though I am sure you will not, my dearest Anna, complain of *us* for any neglect or dilatoriness in writing, I am not equally sure that you are not beginning to complain of *me*; for something whispers me that I have not been quite so good as I ought to have been, and I am not in this case inclined to assume to myself any borrowed merit, or to plead our punctuality in excuse for my negligence. I know it will make you happy to hear that I have not been prevented writing through ill-health. I have for several weeks been perfectly well, and should, I believe, scarcely know that I have any infirmities, if I were not sometimes, especially towards night, reminded of it when I attempt to trip up hill with a nimble foot. If I do not write quite so often as those who have more leisure, you will not, I am sure, impute it to anything that approaches towards forgetfulness. No, my beloved daughter, neither hurry of business, nor any

other circumstances can ever banish you long from my thoughts, or in the slightest degree abate the tender affection with which my heart turns towards you. Not even my old habit of *not looking backwards* would deprive me of the comfort and delight of thinking of you, for if I have found it absolutely necessary for the preservation of my health to dismiss as much as possible from my mind *painful recollections*, I am not debarred the consolation of dwelling upon *present* and *future* good. When I turn my eyes to your loved image, I can delight myself with the idea, that the dear original *exists* and is happy; I can employ my imagination in contemplating you and your kind husband visiting day by day your new habitation, and preparing for yourselves an abode of comfort and happiness. God grant that it may be such completely for many years. I can look forward with the delightful expectation, after a few months have passed over our heads, of flying through the long space that separates us, and again embracing my beloved daughter, to witness and partake of her domestic felicity. These, my love, are the ideas that console me under the loss, which I must ever feel. Let similar ideas, united with all the substantial blessings which are fallen to your lot, be your consolations that every feeling that would in the least degree damp the enjoyment of present happiness may be removed from your bosom.

“We are going on here much as usual, except

that I am, as I believe you have been told, relieved from the burden of tuition. My labours for the press continue, but will not be greater than I can go through with ease and satisfaction.¹ Indeed, I do not know whether my monthly labours may not also soon be over; for I cannot tell how far it may be safe, under the new constitution, which commences with these Acts, to write Reviews, or to publish them. I have not, however, yet any intimation that the publishers are alarmed. We have here, as you will have seen by the papers, made a spirited stand against the bills; the petition was signed by 5284 names. It was not, as before, conducted by moderate men, though *signed* by all *consistent* friends of freedom. . . .

“What a dreadful fright our dear Henry was put into by the earthquake of which you have doubtless heard, though we suppose you did not feel it; it was felt by Mr. and Mrs. Dixon at Thorpe. We were then at Nethersett, but did not perceive it. I have to communicate to you the interesting information that your beloved niece Emma is *inoculated*. We are all, you may be assured, full of anxiety for the issue; as soon as the infection appears you shall be informed: the child and her mother are both in perfect health, as are we all, except that your mother has a troublesome cold in her head, which will, I hope, very soon work its own cure. We long to hear how you go on with your house, and shall

¹ Dr. Enfield was editor of *Enfield's Speaker*.

rejoice to know that you are seated quietly and happily by your own fireside. Has Mrs. Roscoe paid you no friendly attentions? I have just had a friendly letter from Mr. Yates; when you see him, tell him I am afraid I shall not be able to enjoy the pleasure of meeting him in London at Christmas. If when he is in motion, he could prevail upon himself to move forwards to Norwich, he could make us very happy.

“With affectionate remembrances to Mr. F. and the whole family, I now, my dear daughter, bid you adieu, with the true love of an ever affectionate father.

“W. E.”

As Anna's family grew, and one little Fletcher baby tumbled over another, the letters to her sisters become full of baby stories and baby details. Maria was married the year before Anna, and there was thus a great chance to compare the virtues and vices of the several little cousins.

The first home was in St. Anne Street. In 1799 the Fletchers moved to Ranelagh Place, to a house which afterwards became the nucleus of the Adelphi Hotel.

My grandmother, Emily Fletcher, was born on the 23rd of February 1803. Mrs. Enfield went to Liverpool in March to see the new baby and writes to Eliza :

“Next Monday, se’ennight, 18th of April, my dear Eliza, at seven in the morning do I again bid farewell to our beloved Anna, her darling treasures, and Liverpool, and turn my face once more towards my home. . . . I go to London in a postchaise accompanied by Miss Mary Fletcher and Mr. Johnson. Is not that comfortable for me? It was fixed yesterday; we hope to get to Ousley Bridge the first day, and to Dunstable the second, and then we shall be able to get into London before *robbing* time.

“Thankful am I—most heartfelt thankful—that the sickness which had reduced our dear Anna to such an extreme degree of weakness before I got to her, has terminated so happily. I hope, by the time I leave here, she will be able to go through her duties, not without fatigue—that is impossible with such a tribe of little children continually around her—but without suffering injury by that fatigue. The first week in May they hope to be in their country abode; it is a very nice convenient house; I have seen it. Mrs. Hammond was so kind as to take us in her carriage one morning, Anna, baby and grandmamma: a very pleasant ride we had and Anna now knows what she will want to take with her. A very great fatigue and expense it is removing such a family and furniture twice a year. I hope they will some time have such a house and garden as to render it unnecessary. Mr. Fletcher has serious thoughts of advertising this house for sale, when they have left it.”

Mrs. Enfield lived to be over eighty years of age. She spent her last years in Liverpool with her daughter Anna and her family. I give one more quotation from another of her cheerful gossip letters to Eliza, before we finally take leave of her.

Anna's birthday, 6 o'clock, Friday morning.

Liverpool : 3rd September 1819.

"Your letter, my beloved Eliza, was most joyfully welcomed. Strange to tell, that last week we were nearly fainting from heat (a young gentleman in Paradise St. Chapel actually did faint), and this Tuesday and Wednesday we hailed with delight a fire, and all sat round it ; but yesterday was a most beautiful day, and we all at different times enjoy'd it abroad. Monday night was a terrible storm, and much damage done to shipping—the oldest sailors say they never encountered a more terrible gale. Mr. and Mrs. M—— are with us this week and very cheerful ; he has had a long confinement with an Erysipelas in his leg. She desires her dear love to you ; they came on Monday, that day Mrs. C. Aikin and her babe were with us. Tuesday we were alone ; played a Pool after tea. Wednesday we had at dinner Mrs. T. Nicholson, Mr. Joseph Fletcher, and to tea Mrs. French—who never fails to enquire after you—Mrs. J. Fletcher, Hannah Fletcher, and Mr. John. Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. M. visited some of their own friends ; we drank tea early, Mr. Fletcher

going to hear Mr. Yates preach in Cross Hall Street—if you know where that is, sure I do not—on Original Sin. The two young men did not come in from their office till near ten, so that tea was about a long time, and this morning William Henry is getting his breakfast at seven to be in his office early—they have ships going to America. . . .”

The letter ends with much good advice about the bringing up of children and the advantages of early rising!

The Fletcher family left Ranelagh Place in 1804, and moved to Great George Street, where they stayed till 1814, moving then to a large corner house in Alfred Street, and finally to Huskisson Street in 1832.

The home life was very happy. As I have already indicated the family was a large one; my grandmother was one of five sisters and four brothers. They were intimate with their numerous cousins in Norwich and Nottingham—the Enfields, Taylors, Kinders, Barrons, &c.—also the large Fletcher and Andrews¹ connection on their father’s side. There was an old book with the pictures of twenty-two cousins, all Fletchers, as they appeared at a fancy dress party in Alfred Street in 1827, with descriptive verses by Mrs. Joseph Fletcher. Rivington Hall was not far away, and they stayed there with their

¹ Thomas Fletcher’s mother was Hannah Andrews of Rivington Hall, near Bolton.

cousin, Squire Andrews. My great-grandmother, in an entertaining letter, describes taking the whole family to Rivington in July 1808, for a long summer visit.

Their dearest friends were Mary, Jane, Hester, Anna Priscilla, and Isabella Philips, daughters of Robert Philips, Esq., of The Park, Prestwich, Manchester, and sisters of Mark Philips, who was elected first Member of Parliament for Manchester in 1832, and is supposed to be the original of "Millbank" in Disraeli's novel, "Coningsby." There are accounts of charming visits at The Park with plenty of other young people, of sketching and picnic parties. My grandmother seems to have been the one of the sisters to go there most often.

Life in Liverpool was very pleasant, with congenial friends and plenty of occupation and amusement. They had many tastes: they all wrote well and easily, Maria in particular. An amusing book of verses and essays, written by members of the family at all ages, has been kept, and is, perhaps, chiefly interesting as showing how the ways of life have changed in the last hundred years. There are "Letters addressed to Mrs. F. on the birth of her infant son" by Harriet, aged thirteen, and Maria, aged eleven; verses on "The Creation's Acknowledgment of a Supreme Being," again by Maria, aged twelve; "Lines

on seeing Elizabeth Fry " by Emily, at the age of fourteen; and so on. As time goes on the verses assume a lighter vein, and describe all sorts of events at home: for example, Maria's account of the Great Charity Ball at the new Wellington Rooms in 1816, of which the following is an extract:

And why so late, ye matrons, belles and beaux?
 Oh! why prolong so late your morning doze?
 And why at noon deserted stands the Exchange?
 Where now the bands so wont its squares to range?
 Lord Street and Church Street desolate appear;
 Why are the beaux that make them gay not there?
 Far distant stands a Hall, well known to fame,
 Immortalised by Wellington's great name;
 Five tall Corinthian pillars proudly rear
 Their crested heads, and lift a Dome in air.
 Beneath, portals open and display
 A suite of rooms in elegant array,
 Built to receive the gay and thoughtless throng
 That to the fashionable world belong.
 The architecture, simple yet refined,
 Was by an A——n's cultured taste designed,
 And all within by the Committee's care,
 Is planned for ease, for warmth, for light and air.

Various masters supervised the studies of the young ladies, and their father also, if we may judge from the following quotation taken from a letter written to Emily, lost no opportunity to inculcate a habit of accuracy in his daughters.

"Though I understand several letters for you are going off from one or other of the family

by this parcel, and therefore it is likely anything I can say may have been anticipated, yet I will not suffer the opportunity to pass without thanking you for yours of 'Sunday evening' in some week or another, I know not what, that being the only date it has upon it. Ladies, I believe, are very apt in their correspondence to neglect the minute articles of time and place. As Johnson said of Shakespeare—'Panting Time toil'd after him in vain.' The celebrated lexicographer in his correspondence with Mrs. Thrale was sadly annoyed with her neglect of these particulars—'Date your letters,' he said—'date your letters—and again pray date your letters': but the lively lady never minded him."

The long list of books marked *Read* in their note-books year by year, proves them to have been extensive readers. Maria and Emily had an unusual talent for drawing and painting. Maria was quite an ambitious artist, and my grandmother's numerous studies and finished paintings of flowers are very beautiful. She was also a keen botanist, and illustrated two note-books on botany with exquisite drawings. My father therefore inherited his love for art and flowers direct from his mother, and, even in his boyhood, these common tastes, no doubt, constituted one of the reasons for the great bond of understanding between them. When he was seven years old, she wrote to her sister, "I have



EMILY FLETCHER, ÆT 18

at last, with much ado, finished the dahlias for Miss Yates that I began in the autumn. Alfred's interest and sympathy in the achievement seemed to me a sweet reward for my pains."

My grandmother was almost abnormally conscientious as a girl. Her nature was deeply religious, and she had the habit, so common in those days, of writing down her aspirations and thoughts. But her religion was a healthy one, free from anything sectarian or narrow. Some of the prayers she wrote, those before the birth of her first child especially, are very touching, and through all there runs a clear stream of piety and sincerity. In later days she says to Caroline, "There is nothing more curious than the different views of us poor human creatures—but so long as each is in earnest, and abundant in charity, it does not much signify."

III

EMILY FLETCHER

My grandmother was the first of the band of sisters to become engaged. This happened early in the year 1829, and the fortunate suitor was Mr. Charles Booth. The engagement caused a great deal of interest in the circle of cousins and friends. Some excellent and amusing letters of congratulation have been kept, one in par-

ticular from her aunt, Mrs. Kinder, the Eliza of Mrs. Enfield's letters :

“This is the right moment, my dear Emily, to write to you when your determination—I must say your fortunate as well as wise determination—not to come amongst us this spring, is just made known to me. In the meantime Mrs. Roget and I agreed that your new and interesting situation was such an all absorbing feeling, that you would scarcely enjoy leaving home for other pleasures, other absorbing gaieties and friendships, and my mind was prepared for the answer which came.

“But who is this Mr. C. Booth that I am arguing about and supposing your feelings interested in, my dear Emily? A person I never before mentioned to you, I never heard *you* mention, and scarcely indeed knew was in existence!—an interloper, who comes to prevent our promised sight of you!—a strange fascinator, who all at once fills all the Liverpool letters—and holds your Ladyship as firmly bound to the tree as does the cat when she fixes her eyes upon the little bird!—an *Araminta* (if we had but a masculine name for this *ami inconnu*) who interests us all at this distance though unknown to us, and makes us feel that in his fate as well, and almost as much, as our dear Emily's we shall henceforward be truly interested? I wish indeed we did know more perfectly who and what he is.

“I am such a notorious lover of matrimony

that perhaps my congratulations are less worth than those of many another friend. I know it is and must be in many cases a state of but imperfect bliss ; but it is right and natural that a woman should marry where she can do it with affection and happiness. The mischief is that so many enter blindly into it, with so little knowledge of each other and of life. Different families have all such different ways, different habits, different likes and dislikes, fancies, prejudices and what not, that if one party is a little silly, another a little cross, jarrings arise, and this in early and; indeed; in late marriages so often leads to trouble. But where the heart and disposition have been early cultivated, the mind drawn out, the true object of life, the improvement of character *understood* and *followed* up, and then a woman meets with a congenial friend in a husband, she will easily yield to *little* differences of opinion, then shine to advantage and be, as I trust you will, my dear girl,—a *happy* wife,—the most blessed name in the world where it really exists, and I have such confidence in your principles, your habits, your judgment and good name, that I hope and believe that this will be your lot. Oh ! dear, this effusion, written in haste from my heart, must not bear the ordeal of all your circle. News and so-forth must go to the elders by next opportunity. I have only room and time for the affectionate good wishes of your aunt and friend,

“E. K.”

Emily's elder sister Maria, writing to her Aunt Eliza in April, thus describes the engaged couple :

“Emily has made my mother adviser and confidante in every plan and arrangement, and goes on with all her pursuits with steady determination to do right and improve all her time, as has always been her characteristic. We have many a good laugh at her, and she bears the jokes of the family excellently. Indeed it is a very merry thing, a wedding—and C. B. opens out, meets us more than half-way, is such a favourite with each of us, and is so entirely in habits, principles, mind and manners suited to us, that we are continually more and more satisfied. A strong judgment, good acquirements, and unsullied integrity and virtue, with the most ardent and long-tried affection for Emily, are among some of his many merits. The house is delightful, and we are all much interested in furnishing, or rather *planning*, for it is not yet nearly ready. Mrs. Hancox and E. were there on Monday ; Mrs. H. talks most affectionately to her new young sister, as also Miss B. *In short* there is nothing to be anxious about. We have begun preparing some of her clothes, but having plenty of time to turn ourselves in, do not mean to be hurried, or think it formidable. We have also two sets of shirts on the stocks, one for F. and one for our dear Billy, as we think he will come home, after five years' wear, all in

threads and jags. Meanwhile we are all very well, and what have we to do but be grateful and happy? Our hearts for the last six weeks have overflowed with gratitude for the kindness of so many dear and valued friends, all with one accord coming forward to be 'helpers of our joy.' It is a thing which brings tears into my eyes whenever I dwell on it. People may say there is much hollowness, hypocrisy, faithlessness, and selfishness in the world, but there is, too, a great deal of true genuine sympathy and expansive benevolence; and it is sweet to witness it, not so much because one happens to call it forth, as for the sake of that glorious religion and that blessed Master who taught the law of love, and made the desert blossom as the rose."

CHAPTER III

CHARLES AND EMILY BOOTH

I

CHARLES BOOTH and Emily Fletcher were married on 20th August 1829. We have an excellent description of the wedding in a joint letter from her two sisters, Maria and Caroline, the two sisters who were so soon to follow her example.¹ Her mother, too, had plenty to say about it to her dear sister Eliza, then living at Hampstead.

“MY TWO DEAR FRIENDS,—As this is to be a joint letter, I am determined to have a corner, to assure you of my dear love, and to tell you that I think you both behaved beautifully. The worthy parson has been here to-day, and has tenderly communicated to the pert little bridesmaid that he does not care how soon he performs the same interesting ceremony for her.

¹ Maria married Henry Roscoe in 1831; Caroline married, in 1832, Charles Crompton, afterwards Sir Charles Crompton, a judge of the High Court; Francis Fletcher married Miss Marriott Martineau in 1831.

“Mrs. Smyth came in her white gloves, which hung like sacks on her thin hands. I had to-day a letter from Mrs. James Booth thanking for the cake. It was delivered on Friday evening, and she immediately sent the notices for the papers to the gentleman mentioned. We were surprised not to see the important paragraph in last night’s *Globe*. We expect the gentlemen from ‘The Lodge’ to-night, when I shall tell Mr. J. B. that I have got a treat for him. We got through our dinner party as well as could be expected. Much kindness and interest and plenty of feasting and talking. In the evening Caroline and Louisa, with exemplary fortitude, proposed and sustained some games for the juniors, whilst Harriet and I ‘took a hand at Whist,’ though we neither of us could remember the trump suit. We all fixed that if ever such an event should occur again, we would *not* have a dinner party. But as it is sixty years since a Miss Fletcher in our branch was married, it was the joke of the day to consider it an event which only occurs once in sixty years. The healths of the other Miss Fletchers being given and drunk with enthusiasm only second to the *first* toast, Caroline mounted on a chair and returned thanks, in a neat and appropriate speech. Dear Prince Rupert came to dinner, and most warmly congratulated us. He had fully intended to be in the church to meet us, but was unable to get here in time. He came over in a gig and went back the next day. I forgot in the right place

to inform you that when the cloth was withdrawn my father, armed with a black bottle, addressed the company in the following manner :— ‘Ladies and Gentlemen, or rather I should say *Gentlemen* and Ladies, I have got here a *drop* of a dram for you ! I have kept this noyau for fourteen or sixteen years, in hopes of a joyful occasion like the present.’ This observation was received with universal laughter, without consideration to the feelings of the spinster sisters, which necessarily were so much lacerated. But I will give up the pen to somebody else ; so good-bye, my beloved ‘Charlies,’ your true friend and sister,

“MARIA.”

“I must send you my love, most respectable individuals, with my own hand. You cannot think how glad we were to hear from you. We are continually thinking of you and talking of you.

“That Thursday—what a day it was—great joy, but mixed with sorrow, for, dearest Emily, we could not see you go away from your old home, and see the band of sisters broken that have so loved each other and been so happy together, for many a long year, without regret ; and a feeling of great desolation came over me when I went upstairs after you had driven off.

“But how gravely I am writing, Charles will laugh at my moralising, and indeed my heart is as merry as a bee. But beware how you laugh, Mr. Charles. I shall repay you with

interest when you come back. It was a facetious adventure that you should meet with John and Dick. They came here quite full of having seen you. . . . We had a charming party last night. The groomsman came in all his insignia of office, and he and his brothers seemed very much interested in hearing all about you. He is very much amused too that his brother Charles has appointed old William as his *valet de chambre*. Old William was very loquacious on Thursday morning in his young master's praise. Indeed I believe all the conversation at the kitchen table consisted in a sort of pitched battle between the servants of the two families, which could say the most in praise of the two principal actors of the day, and both Mr. Charles and Miss Emily were declared to be the most perfect of human beings.

“Good-bye to you, from your ever affectionate

“CAROLINE FLETCHER.”

The following is part of her mother's letter :

“And now let us speak of Emily, whom we do not consider as gone from us, but only as removed to a little distance and still with her excellent husband forming one of our circle. From beginning to end this connection has been entirely satisfactory. Their conduct to one another throughout the whole time, and to all of our family and his, has been quite what it should be—and in every respect nothing can be more

promising. Every day and sometimes three times a day he has been here, and yet when his father has wanted his attention he instantly relinquished his own pleasure to perform every filial duty; and the sorrow with which they part with him at 'The Lodge' proves how worthy he is. In strict principle, upright conduct, generous and liberal disposition, and entire devotion to Emily I have seldom seen his equal; and their pleasant, very happy manner to one another, without any fooleries, makes me happy in the belief that her prospect is as bright as can be expected in this world. Her conduct has through the whole been most exemplary to me, so much so that I can never be thankful enough for such a child, and in the arrangements of clothes and linenstore she has shown so clever and judicious and methodical and just judging, that it has been the greatest satisfaction to me; and before she went away she ticketed all her own garments and presents and home-purchases so that we might have no trouble, and divided her old clothes among her sisters &c., and, in short, she left behind her the most delightful recollections and the most sincere affection. On the 20th she looked just as I wished, composed, serious, happy and cheerful, and when we were all assembled in the drawing-room, waiting for the carriages, she came downstairs to us looking a sweet bride, pale but very nice, with a serious smile which expressed everything I wanted, and she gave each of us a kiss and, though with

a kind of inward sob, commanded herself most beautifully ; and we have had two letters from them which bear plenty of internal evidence that they are thoroughly happy together, and that storms may deluge their cottage without injuring the peace that is within. They got to Bolton Bridge on the Friday noon, where they established themselves in a small inn, with every romantic beauty about it, and every comfort within, for three or four days ; from there they went to Malham Cove and Gordale Scar &c., and then to the Lakes ; to-morrow or Wednesday they call at Mr. Greaves' by invitation, and we expect, if the rain does not drive them back, that they will stay three or four weeks out—they engaged the carriage for a month. During their absence we have enough to do, the house is yet quite empty ; to-morrow the two servants are to go in ; their room is to be put together, and goods of all sorts are then to pour in, and be arranged, and we shall be disgraced if the kettle is not boiling and the lamp lighted ready for their reception, come when they may. It has been an anxiety engaging servants, but I hope I may have succeeded well. They begin with two women, and it was curious to me to find that the cook, who is a Dutch woman, knew all the Richards, and lived once with part of their family, and it was like a connecting link when she talked of Mr. and Mrs. William Perry Richards and Mr. Richard Richards, &c. The housemaid is from the Isle of Man, and I am

anxious to know how they will both turn out. It will be like an odd kind of removal getting all the furniture from different shops, and all her private possessions from here. The wedding morning was bright as the sun could make it, and it lasted all that day and the next. Our breakfast was pleasant and we were all like one family, and the conduct of the Booths and of Mr. Smyth quite nice and satisfactory. We all assembled in the hall, and servants, to give them the parting blessing—and many said ‘It was a pretty sight,’ and old Mrs. Davies said ‘God bless her—she’s a nice one.’ All these gone and the mind a little composed, and then come the boxes of cakes and the pieces of cake to be sent off—we sent to you, Barrons, Enfields, James Booths, and Andrews at a distance; to ‘The Lodge,’ H. Booths, Hancox, three Fletchers and the Misses F.’s and Mrs. John Smyth here. We were obliged to limit the sending of cake to those (with the addition of some to his partners) or we might have spent a mint of money—and there was none sent to any of his relations but his immediate family—had we begun to send to friends we must have given offence. Judge then of my surprise when yesterday I received a letter from Mrs. Mortimer, Stamford Hill, thanking me for the cake we had sent her! We certainly did not send any, and we wonder who has sent it—did you?

“When all the cake-baskets returned empty we had to set-to, to prepare for the dinner at

5 o'clock. We sat down twenty-two. R. Andrews came over, expressly, and eight younger ones came as soon as the cloth was removed ; so we desserted and toasted to the tune of thirty, and Mr. Fletcher brought out a bottle of noyau, that he had kept in anxious expectations of an event of this kind, for fourteen or sixteen years ; and the laughing was prodigious when it was found out that there had not been a Miss Fletcher married for sixty years ! The health of the remaining Misses Fletcher was drunk with three times three, and Caroline got up on a chair to make a neat and appropriate speech, hoping that soon there would not be one of them left to return thanks for the honour of their good wishes. All passed off pleasantly, except that Robert Fletcher did not come till past eleven, and the last was such a drag ; and my thoughts were so busy, and my whole frame so exhausted that I was obliged to run away and go to bed. The two next days we had quiet. We had great difficulties how to arrange Fletchers and Booths ; we did not like keeping them distinct, but the numbers were so great that we could not do otherwise. I believe we have not given offence, and we have quite made up our minds never to have *all* again, unless a similar occasion does not occur for sixty years more, and then I shall be out of the scrape. On the Monday after, we had a party of thirty-five for the Cromptons and Potters staying at the Booths, and they danced and enjoyed themselves, and we then mixed Fletchers and Booths, so I hope we are very

proper. Ever since the wedding we have had to receive callers and to sit in a kind of state, with cake and wine ; but I think they are now done. And now I believe I have told you everything on that subject. If you wish to know more, question me and I shall be most glad to answer. On Thursday Harriet is going to spend a few weeks at Robert Greaves', and William Henry takes her ; the week after Mr. F. goes to Harrogate, and I am wanted to go with him, but I certainly shall not ! I have so many things that I must look after for Emily, and I could not with any comfort leave my Mother, unless she was established at Nottingham, and I don't know whether she will get there this winter."

Two letters from my grandmother on her honeymoon give a happy picture of the newly married pair.

Belton Bridge : 23rd August 1829.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I cannot employ myself more pleasantly till breakfast time than in telling you how comfortably and peacefully we are establishing ourselves for a few days at this very nice place. There is nothing like an inn about the house that I see, except the sign of the Devonshire Arms outside. I think you would probably hear of us yesterday from John Taylor. I recognised him upon the Skipton Coach just going into Clitheroe, and soon he found out who we were. It was a strange feeling seeing the first familiar face since I took that great leap

which has put all the past part of my life back, as it were, into remote times of history. We had come that morning from Whalley, at which place we arrived about seven o'clock on Thursday.

"We have really been highly favoured with weather. It rains in the night and clears up in the day.

"We had a nice walk after breakfast yesterday all about the ruins of Whalley Abbey; Clitheroe and Gisburn we only just passed through. At Skipton we fell in with a party from Liverpool—Miss Cox and, I think, her mother, who were changing horses just before us. But we saw no more of them, and here we seem to have got rid of the world, and we look back upon Thursday morning—the tearing of carriages, the staring of Charles's mob (which I forgot to tell him I thought a highly respectable mob), and the wearing of gloves and favours, as a curious dream. We thought of you very often that evening, and drank your health after dinner at Preston. We shall be very glad to hear how you all got through the remainder of the day. I especially am anxious to know that you, my dear Mother, are not knocked up with all your exertions. I am sure I never can be out of debt with any of you for all your kindness. Give my love to my Grandmother, and tell her she looked so youthful and blooming on Thursday morning that she must not croak any more about the rheumatism. Perhaps you will write a note to Miss Booth, and tell her we have arrived

safely here, and that we both send our love to her. . . . We have not fixed any future plans yet, except that we go to the Lakes when we leave here. I think you had better send a letter to Kendal to be there on Wednesday next and directed to the Post Office, and we will enquire for it. Do not disappoint me. The gentleman in the great red easy-chair sends his love to you all, and I remain ever, dear father, mother, brothers and sisters,

“Your attached

“EMILY BOOTH.”

Lupset : 23rd September 1829.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,—You will be surprised to see another letter from me, and I am sorry you will not get it till within a few hours of our expected arrival. It comes to tell you that we are once more putting off our return. We find it totally impossible to get away from this hospitable place as soon as we planned, and it is only by extreme firmness on our part, backed by our want of clothes, that we shall accomplish our long delayed return home on Friday.

“After various ups and downs, settlings and un-settlings which I have not time to detail, we made our ‘absolutely and positively’ final arrangements last night. We stay here till six o’clock to-day, when we go with Mr. and Mrs. D. Gaskell and M. & L. Pilkington (the party at this house) to dine at Thornes House, where there are staying Mr. and Mrs. P. Ainsworth, Miss

Pilkington, Prof. Smyth, his niece, &c., and where we are to stay till Friday morning. All the party called yesterday morning, and Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell would take no refusal from us, and indeed everybody is so uncommonly kind and urgent that we have felt quite perplexed not to give offence or seem ungrateful by not availing ourselves of this invitation. This Lupset is the most charming house that ever was, and both master and mistress very interesting. I am wonderfully at ease and really enjoying myself, and I should very much have liked to remain longer. Thornes House now seems the formidable place, but I daresay the reality will be more comfortable than the anticipation. It is the most ridiculous thing in the world to find myself the courted individual, the person who is consulted and considered in this host of people whom I have been used to look upon as so far my superiors in every sense. I feel uncommonly like the cobbler made king in the 'Arabian Nights.' We have been very gay—at the play both nights since we came, seeing Miss Smithson as Belvidere and Juliet, and yesterday I went with Miss D. G. to call on her, which was very amusing. But I am sorry we have not spent a quiet evening with these nice rational domestic people. We shall set out before breakfast on Friday, and push on as fast as we can, but I suppose we are not likely to reach home till seven or eight. Will you please send a note to Miss Booth as soon as you get this, to tell her our movements and their

reasons; we wish her to know on Thursday to prevent her sending to Bedford Street, and if you do not get [this till dinner time a note may still go to Hurst Street any time before six, if a message goes with it that one of the men must take it to 'The Lodge.'

"Excuse, dear Mother, this hurried letter. I am making haste to go out with C. before breakfast, as it is such a lovely morning and will be very refreshing after our playgoing.

"Believe me,

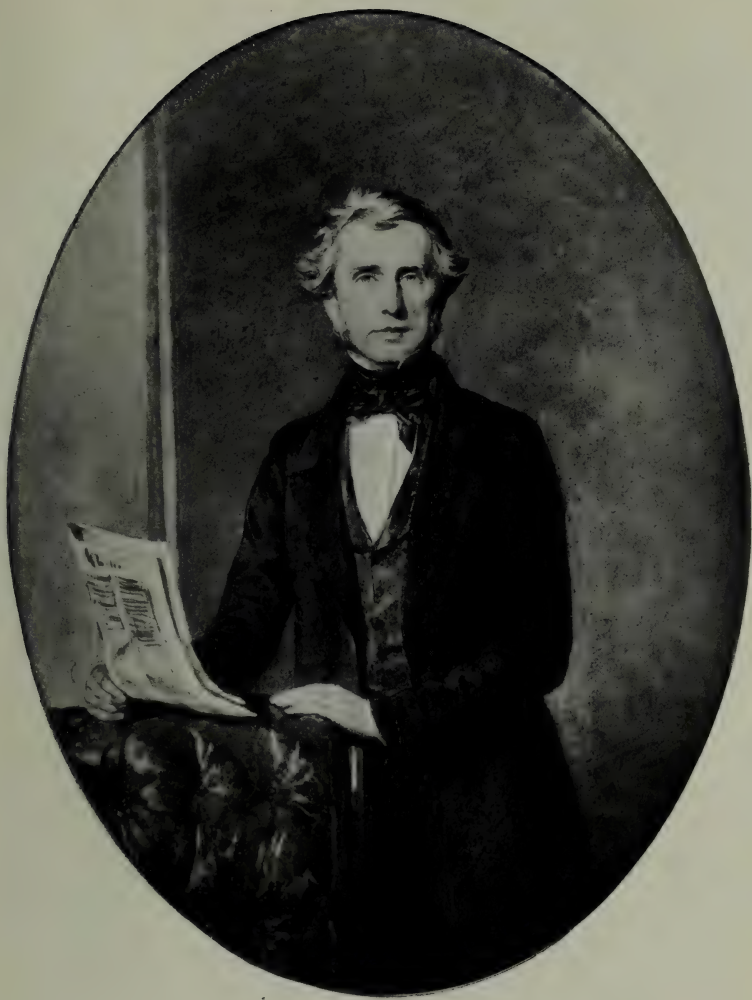
"Ever your grateful and affectionate child,

"EMILY BOOTH."

II

"Mr. and Mrs. Charles Booth" started their married life in Bedford Street South. My grandmother took great pride and pleasure in furnishing the house. The following letter from her cousin, Mrs. Enfield Dowson, shows us how this interest was shared by her sisters and cousins :

"MY DEAR EMILY,—I have asked Caroline to thank you for your kind letter, but I think I will venture into your awful presence and congratulate you upon your newly-acquired dignity, and the pleasure of sitting in the most honourable seat in parties, and having the footmen bring tea and coffee to you before any of the gray-headed old ladies that are around you are waited upon. And being *Mrs.*—Oh! the horrors. How



CHARLES BOOTH

I did dislike it, Emily, and would gladly have hid myself in the lowest seat of the synagogue. I did detest it indeed, and perhaps looked like an idiot tho' I did my best to seem very bold. Now I daresay that you, my dear Madam, are ten times wiser than to care for such nonsense. I am delighted, dearest Emily, to hear of your being so charmingly happy. I never heard of any event so entirely contenting to everybody. It is not easy to tell whether people really are happy; a smiling face is but too often the disguise of a sad and aching heart. Yet I do really believe that you are happy, Emily. You sound so contented and satisfied—and from what Caroline says of Mr. Booth, you have a right to be so. She praises him with all the finest words in the world, and then says that nobody knows half the perfection there is in him. And so I wish I knew him. Caroline sent me a particular description of his face and voice and manner and mind. How most delightful for your Alfred Street family to have you so near and so happy. I wish you would have told me something about your house. I have heard nothing about its adornments. I saw the ground-plan of it when Caroline was in London; it was a great entertainment when I was ill to try to comprehend it. Count Pecchio would say that you were very bold to have green curtains. You should have compassion on your guests' complexions tho' you need not on your own. If any one may venture into a green room or a green gown, it

is certainly you, as I and the Barrons agreed the other day. I wonder whether I may venture to send my compliments to Mr. Booth. I think I may, as I am your cousin. Good-bye, dear Emily. Ever believe me, yours sincerely and affectionately,

“MARIA ENFIELD DOWSON.”

My grandmother was a handsome young lady, no doubt, for good looks were not lacking in the Fletcher family.

The eldest child Anna was born in 1833 ; my father on the 3rd September 1834. When Alfred was a year and a half old, his mother writes to her sister Caroline :

“I wish you could see my bonny boy now, before he outgrows his dumpy fatness, the relics of babyhood. His face is as broad as long, his cheeks as red as a damask rose, his yellow hair curling both before and behind, and when he laughs in his cunning gleeful way at his mummy, and displays all the beauty of his great white teeth and his merry blue eyes, it is difficult to imagine a more bewitching little rogue.”

This description needs no apology, for it will be remembered that he was his mother's first boy !

A year later she writes :

“Alfred has quite regained his spirits and vigour after his influenza, and is growing a fine

bold *rollicking* fellow. Plenty of animal enjoyment which I like to see, and not very sensitive, though very affectionate. He likes better to bluster than be penitent, but loves his papa and mamma dearly, and will have, I hope, enough of good sense and good feeling to be a credit to us without so much sensibility as to take the world uneasily. But perhaps it is foolish to venture to anticipate the future character of a child of $2\frac{1}{2}$ years old. Still one hopes that 'care and good breeding' may preserve and mature the early promise, and I cannot help thinking my little man rather above mediocrity."

In 1836 the family moved to 27 Bedford Street North, and here Thomas, Charles, and Hester Emily were born in 1837, 1840, and 1842.

That my grandmother did not escape, even in those days, the perennial difficulties of the "servant question" is shown by what she says in one of her letters to her sister Caroline.

Bedford Street : 10th December 1839.

"My household matters also are, I think, in better plight than for a year past. I have had a nice honest country-girl from Malpas on trial for a month, and I have much hope she will suit me extremely well. I only wish poor Anne were stronger—her palpitations are so great when-

ever she goes up and down stairs that I feel pain in ringing the bell. Still her place is easy, and as she has no friends to support her, I believe for the present she is as well off here as she could be anywhere, and I am most anxious at present to make no further changes. You will probably have heard from Maria of the disagreeable affair with her Sarah; and poor Louisa is continually troubled with her Catherine. The more I see the more I am persuaded there are only two courses for mistresses—to sit in the drawing-room and see and hear nothing, or to see and bear with much imperfection. I prefer knowing the truth, even when unpleasant. Then comes the needful care not to tease one's husband and spoil one's own happiness, by dwelling more than necessary on such matters. Our dear mother excelled in this as in most other household virtues. Perhaps, indeed, she was over-anxious and watchful in her own mind, but how little she said to us about such things."

In 1844 my grandfather began to build a house fronting the lane now known as Croxteth Road. The house was finished the following year. It was roomy and attractive, with a good garden then surrounded by fields. Prince's Park had just been laid out and, as Prince's Park Terrace did not, of course, exist, there was a pleasant view across to the Park. To the whole family it seemed like moving into the country,



MRS. CHARLES BOOTH

and here Henry and Harriet Roscoe spent much of their time with their cousins.¹

The garden was an unending source of pleasure, and Sir Henry Roscoe remembered his delight when my grandfather provided the boys with “real live rabbits” for their very own.

There were other cousins also whom they saw constantly—Tom and Hetty Fletcher, children of my grandmother’s youngest brother Enfield.

My grandmother and her sister, Caroline Crompton, were greatly attached to one another, their children were almost of an age; so although one family lived in Liverpool, and the other in London, there was constant intercourse between the two families and great affection among the cousins.

From Bedford Street North my grandmother writes to Caroline :

“Tell Charlie and Mary that since they left we have bought the children a set of blue and white china dinner-things, and that they wanted them sadly yesterday to complete the party. Harry and Harriet were here, and they had real dinner off the little plates and dishes—soup and lobscouse and rice and apple and helped themselves; but there are six spoons, and six soup-

¹ Mr. Roscoe died five years after his marriage with Maria Fletcher. Mrs. Roscoe moved with her two children to Liverpool from London in 1837.

plates and six flat plates, so two are called 'the Cromptons.' It was Alfred's birthday on Sunday, and his papa made him intensely happy by giving him a cart with a horse that would unharness, and his whole soul has been in it ever since. He displayed it at Eton House, where we called on Monday, to Mrs. Hutton's two nice little girls."

The letters that passed between the two sisters have been kept, and form a charming history of the home-life and varied interests of both households.

"This letter writing," my grandmother writes, "is the bane of one's book reading; but however there are other things to be done in the world than to get knowledge, and nothing better, I am persuaded, than to keep up an intimate intercourse with dear friends and sisters."

Here is another example :

26th August 1844.

"DEAREST CAROLINE,—I will begin my promised longer letter this very evening, for every day brings its occupations; and I am sure you must be wishing to know more than we tell you of your dear boy and his doings here. To begin at the beginning then of his visit to us. He came to early dinner on Friday, and Alfred had a half holiday and we and the three boys went to the Flower Show at the Botanic Gardens. Charlie seemed much interested in the flowers and fruit, indeed he takes pleasure and interest in

whatever turns up. Then we were going on in the carriage to the Prince's Park, but were frightened home by rain, which, however, cleared off, and C. and A. went off walking to our new house and clambered up the ladder to the top and did not get home till near half-past six. On Saturday morning Charlie amused himself with the little ones (he is so kind to them), and I heard lessons and arranged everything for our young party. We were to have had between twenty and thirty, and moved the piano into the dining-room. I went to meet Anna and Mary McConnel at the omnibus, and blooming and bright they looked with their bunch of flowers as they came out. On arriving at home Catherine Fletcher called, bringing the news of poor Uncle John's death. I must own I chiefly thought of our own little disappointment at the moment, and could not give up the little party without reluctance, but we thought it right to do it. The children were very sorry; however, they had a very pleasant afternoon nevertheless. We dined early, and they went, a party of seven, headed by Uncle Enfield, to see the *Britannia* steamer; and the two Roscoes spent the evening here, and a merrier happier set I never saw; and most amusing it is, as they grow older and cleverer, to sit by and hear their talk, their jokes, and their oddities. Charlie's wit produced roars of laughter like his uncle's and father's of old. They kept it up till near ten."

My father's earliest educational efforts were conducted by a Mr. Davidson, who came to the house and taught him and Anna and Harriet Roscoe poetry, elocution, and essay-writing. The girls then went on to Gateacre where their aunts, Harriet and Louisa, had started a small school, for Thomas Fletcher after his business failure had moved to Gateacre, and his two unmarried daughters used their talents in this way to add to the now reduced income. In the picturesque little house at Gateacre, where Thomas Fletcher's ancestors had lived, about eight or ten little girls were accommodated. Here my great-grandmother died in 1836. This little establishment was broken up in 1850, when my great-grandfather, with the two aunts, moved to the cottage in Greenheys Road, which was part of 'The Lodge' property, and he died there the same year. When my father was about nine he was sent to the Mechanics' Institute, afterwards called the Liverpool Institute. In 1849 my father went to the Edgbaston Proprietary School,¹ and boarded at Mr. Bache's house, where he remained two years. His mother writes to Caroline :

"Alfred is a subject of great satisfaction to us, notwithstanding some pain to himself

¹ The school-building is now occupied by King Edward's School, Five Ways.

on this first-going from home. I should like to show you some of his letters to his father and me. Nothing can be more delightful than their spirit, and I hardly expected such an unlocking of his thoughts and feelings, and such immediate good effects upon his mind, especially as he has felt his privations strongly; but instead of giving way to complaints he dwells upon his desire to please us, and turns from himself to think of others."

His brothers Tom and Charles went to the Royal Institution School, Liverpool, Tom subsequently going to the London University and afterwards to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in Mathematics in the year 1860, being placed twenty-eighth Wrangler. It is interesting to note that my brother Alfred was placed twenty-ninth Wrangler in the year 1894.

My father's first experience of travelling, apart from the summer family outings, was when his father and mother took him, in May 1841, for a tour through the Wye Valley. He was then not yet seven years old. The journey made such an impression on him, that he took us over the same ground years after one Easter holiday, when Constance and I were fifteen and twelve respectively. It was one of the most delightful little trips we ever made; our friends Hilda and Brenda Boulnois, as they were then, came with us.

His first visit to London took place in 1845, with his father, mother, and sister Anna, while the following year he went with his father and mother to the Yorkshire dales.

The holidays were very happy times, often spent with their cousins. One year "Uncle and Aunt Crompton" rented Bolton Hall, near Clitheroe, Yorkshire, and the Charles Booth family occupied it during the early part of the summer.

The accounts of Bolton Hall are very attractive, and the following are extracts taken from some of the letters written at Bolton by my grandmother to her sister Caroline :

"I should enjoy this sweet place doubly if I had the assurance you were to be soon here. I picture to myself all the dear little children peopling these great halls and sunny grass plots, and do so desire to see them with my bodily eyes that I feel as if we could not depart without spending two or three days here with you. I hope you will write soon again, and make all as certain as my hopes would have it about your speedy coming. . . .

"We are getting the garden and drives made trim and orderly, and the stable cleared out for our little pony. The flower-garden is already improved, and it is such a pleasure to me to look after it and try to stock it a little for you.

"The dear party from home, in a charming open carriage, drove up soon after two o'clock,

and Stephen on Jessy (the pony) before six. We are delighted to be all together here ; to the children it will be a most memorable visit.

“Mr. Andrews arrived with his little carriage and faithful Tom about eleven o’clock. I heard his voice at the hall, and ran to hand him in over the slippery floor. Later I went out with him about the grounds, and down into the park, then gave him a substantial lunch, and we all went to start him at the ‘steppings’ with his fishing. He was quite picturesque in the river wading about in his indiarubber leggings, throwing his long line, three attendants on the bank, besides ourselves as spectators—and he could catch nothing ! He had proposed going back to Gisburne, but I was most happy to put the ‘Blue Silk’ Room into order for him, and accommodated Tom, black horse and all, with great facility.

“You must be sure to bring good strong boots for everybody. . . . As to your own and Mary’s dress the people here are remarkably plain, and I need not have brought a best bonnet for Sunday. Mrs. L. comes in an old straw one for church, and the only attempt at finery is a young woman of the congregation, unknown, in a pink drawn silk with flowers !

“With regard to the pony, can your new servant man undertake the charge of it, and do you still wish us to leave it ? I think the boys would find it a pleasure. We took it with us to Gisburne last Wednesday, and our whole party

managed the walk very well, the boys riding by turns and little Emily before Alfred. We had an excellent lunch at the George Inn, and a very nice sort of landau conveyed us home. . . . We bespoke it for an expedition to Malham. It was to come the first promising day. Unfortunately yesterday, which opened well and brought the carriage, turned out the worst of the three. However, we went and had a very interesting and, upon the whole, successful excursion, in spite of being caught in a heavy shower at the Cove, without any protection but two parasols and an umbrella which would not open. We laughed heartily over our disasters however, trying to shelter under unshelterable bushes, the great wall frowning defiance at us as the shower beat over it, and poor Miss Lamport (who *had* an umbrella) seeming to get wetter than any of us.

“There is no difficulty whatever in getting help of all kinds, and it is amusing to think that Miss Baxter said no washing could be done. I am quite puzzled with the number who lay claim to our clothes, and I am desirous to oblige all as far as I can. . . . Betty, the cook, is very obliging and a very tolerable cook—makes very good bread. I should advise your bringing tea, the coffee is tolerable and only 1s. 8d. per lb., by the way.

“Yesterday was almost incessant rain and thunderstorm, and we went to dress in despair for our dining at Mrs. Staniforth’s and sent to

Whittaker to know if he had a covered cart. He sent us a shandry, and the rain abated just in time, and we set off, C. driving and Stephen running footman, churning along with the toughest old horse to the rectory. Fortunately the moon shone out for our return.

“I have heard from Fanny Lamport to-day full of thankfulness, and she says she envied Alfred his speedy return—he drove her over to Clitheroe in the shandry—for she ‘never remembers three happier weeks than those too soon come to an end.’

“I am extremely loath to think our days here are numbered, and that we shall so soon leave this sweet place which has become quite an endeared home.”

It is no wonder that the children never forgot this summer, and that my Aunt Emily, years after, should have spoken of its delights to us. To Alfred one of the great attractions was the pony, of which he was given the entire charge. Few people realised my father's fondness for horses nor how good a horseman he was. As a young man he enjoyed nothing so much as a good ride, and during his years in the United States he kept a horse whenever circumstances made it possible.

When my father was fourteen he spent a week or more at the English Lakes with his cousin Henry Roscoe and another boy; it was

his first walking tour. They stayed at Skelwith Bridge. It is easy to imagine my father as a boy scouring the Langdale Valley on foot, with as much enthusiasm as he drove and rode through it during the last summer of his life. His love of the Lake country dates from this time, and it never faltered.

But the high-water-mark of holidays was reached when his father and mother took him and Anna to France, Switzerland, and Belgium in 1851. Anna was eighteen, my father seventeen, and I think that it was the remembrance of this journey which was partly responsible for his desire to take all of us to Switzerland at the first opportunity.

They travelled through Switzerland in a carriage, and returned by way of Strassburg and Belgium. My grandmother has left a diary with a detailed account of all their stopping-places, and both she and my father sketched with astonishing industry. My father alone brought home some twenty-four large pencil sketches.

On their return home my father was apprenticed to the recently-formed firm of Lamport and Holt, in which one of the partners, Mr. William James Lamport, was his second cousin, Mr. Lamport's mother having been a Miss Noble. He remained there for six years, and then made up his mind to go to America, and take a position



ALFRED BOOTH, ÆT 16

in the New York office of Rathbone Brothers. Events at home no doubt influenced him greatly in taking this step.

For some time my grandmother had not been strong, and her health gave cause for anxiety.

In January 1853 she writes :

“MY DEAREST CAROLINE,—The quiet life I have begun to lead in good earnest is, I hope, gradually restoring me, and I shall do all I can to keep off my alarming attacks by persevering in a course of self-indulgence, which is not difficult when once it is clearly right, and I flatter myself there may be moral good, as well as physical, in thus being laid on the shelf—and proving that things may go on very well without one’s being such a busybody—and that the fancied importance of the endless and often fatiguing details of daily life, are very much magnified, and have been apt to hide the one thing needful. For Anna and all the young ones it may, I believe, be useful to feel more thrown upon themselves ; and I have great satisfaction in knowing how much they all wish to do well, and in thinking how much less the mother’s eye and help is wanted, or indeed desirable, now than in earlier days when I had health and strength to labour for them. Still I shall gladly resume a more active place if I may. Life has been too full of blessings not to be prized ; and yet I would not pray for length of days, but thankfully endeavour to make the

most and the best of the longer or shorter period allotted. Peace and thankfulness are the uppermost feelings with me, as indeed they ought to be.

“We are now fallen into a routine which goes on very pleasantly, and I have much quiet without the rest of the family being much hindered in their pleasures and occupations. The children have all their messings and business in the nursery, and are delightful loving companions when I like them to be with me. I have my meals, or at least dinner, alone, but go about the house, and take walks not at all like an invalid. Aunt Harriet is a treasure of cheerfulness and thoughtfulness—and often walks with me—or my dearest husband, who would do anything in the world for me. How could I complain? All I would have desired is that I might be his companion to the last. Yet, rather than be incapacitated in body or mind, would I thankfully leave him, knowing the grief he would endure at seeing me disabled. And what a sorrow a lasting illness is to young hearts—*blighting*, when a bereavement may, on the other hand, raise and spiritualise and is, in fact, the discipline which brings forth under Providence the good fruit of faith and love.

“It is now evening, for I have had several interruptions. Tom is still missing, having gone with some schoolfellows to skate on the Sefton meadows. Alfred and Charley have been on a pit in Ullet Lane, and now I have two dear

bright loving faces opposite me—Charley teaching Emily her Delectus. They are all so well and good and merry! What a happiness!

“I must now say farewell, my dear sister, with most affectionate wishes for you all,

“Ever your loving

“E. BOOTH.”

In July, the same year, my grandmother died. The four older children were all at home at the time of their mother's death. Emily was with her aunt, Lady Crompton.

His mother's death was the greatest sorrow of my father's life, for she had been his constant friend. He was a very reserved boy, sensitive and proud, not understood by everybody, and finding it difficult to express his feelings. In many ways he was more of a Fletcher than a Booth, and she understood and loved him, and he never reconciled himself to the home without her.

He had, fortunately, many tastes outside his office-work. His chief interest in life then, as afterwards, lay in painting and pictures. He was anxious to give up any idea of a business career and become an artist, but his father strongly advised him against such a course, and he reluctantly submitted to his father's choice; but his feeling for art was always more that of the professional than the amateur. The strong desire

to give up everything and paint, came over him again soon after his marriage, but no doubt prudence influenced him then against following his impulse ; and from that time onwards he contented himself with buying pictures as opportunity offered, and sketching in all his leisure times ; indeed he kept up pencil sketching to the end of his life.

In 1856 his eldest sister Anna married Philip Henry Holt, and a few months later his father married Hannah Cumberland. It was in the following year that my father went to New York.

In February 1860 my grandfather died after a short illness, and my father returned to England in May. Not long afterwards my Uncle Tom entered the office of Lowndes, Robinson & Bateson, solicitors, and was offered a partnership in 1863. Before settling down he went for a journey to Germany and Austria, and then on to Constantinople, intending to return by Greece and Italy. But he was taken ill at Constantinople, and died there on 28th September. My father hurried to join his brother as soon as the news of his illness came, but arrived too late to see him.

Letters written at this time show the close ties of affection between the brothers and sisters ; and this sudden ending of a career, to which they had looked forward, came as a poignant sorrow to them all. Emily writes to her brother Charley,

who was then in New York : “ Alfred is very low and sick at heart ; he says his life was so bound up with both of you, he does not know how to bear to lose one, and he took such pleasure in Tom’s bright prospects.” And Anna writes : “ Tom’s life at school, at college and at the office had been so successful and happy, and now he was ready to begin the real work of life well prepared for it, and with much vigour and enjoyment. We were so proud of him and proud that others, too, appreciated him.”

CHAPTER IV

ALFRED BOOTH

I

1860-1879

IMMEDIATELY after my grandfather's death my father had started a mercantile firm of his own in partnership with Mr. Walden, with places of business in Liverpool and New York. Mr. Walden retired, after a very short time, on account of ill-health, and my uncle Charles then went into partnership with my father.

This business, which was renamed Alfred Booth & Co., Liverpool, and Booth & Co., New York, was chiefly concerned with sheepskins and leather. It has expanded greatly in later years, and the firm of Alfred Booth & Co. has always held a controlling interest in the larger undertaking of the Booth Steamship Co.

It was in 1866 that the firm entered the shipping trade, with the object of developing the trade between Europe and the ports of North Brazil, including the port of Pará, at the mouth of the River Amazon.

In February of that year, the *Augustine*—a



LYDIA ALLEN BUTLER, ÆT 17

steamer of 1000 tons—sailed from Liverpool, and, after calling at Lisbon to pick up cargo and passengers, crossed the Atlantic Ocean to Pará, Maranhão, and Ceará, whence she returned to Liverpool with a cargo of rubber and other tropical produce. The *Augustine* was the first steamer to make the voyage, the trade having previously been carried by sailing vessels. The financial result of this voyage was a loss of £2.

Nothing daunted, the founders made a second venture with the steamship *Jerome*; and so, in course of time, developed the Booth Line of steamers, which, more than a quarter of a century later, became the Booth Steamship Co. Ltd., with its fleet of some thirty steamers, trading not only with North Brazil, but also with the United States.

In 1869 Messrs. R. Singlehurst & Co., of Liverpool, South American merchants who had for many years owned sailing vessels engaged in the trade, followed the Booth lead by establishing the Red Cross Line of steamers. After a period of competition, the two lines settled down to harmonious joint working, and, in 1901, were amalgamated by the purchase of the Red Cross Line by the Booth Line. The largest vessels, now of 6000 tons, sail to and from the port of Manaus, 900 miles up the River Amazon, and others of

less tonnage trade with Iquitos in Peru, 2000 miles from the mouth of the great river.

It may thus be justly claimed that my father and my uncle, as founders of the Booth Line, played a leading part in the work of opening up this wonderful tropical region to trade and civilisation.

To return to my father's early days in America. His life there, though a very strenuous and often anxious one, was also very happy. Change of scene meant a great deal to him all through his life. The business interested the two brothers exceedingly, and it was a satisfaction to them to carry it on together. In the early days of their partnership my father remained chiefly in New York, his brother Charles undertaking the business in Liverpool, where he and his sister Emily made a home together at No. 15 Croxteth Road.

Though not naturally sociable in the accepted meaning of the word, my father had the gift of gaining great affection where he once made friends; and this characteristic increased as he grew older. All through his life he had a small band of women friends who were devoted to him as he to them.

Perhaps his happiest days were spent with the Setons at Cragdon, Vermont. They were

a delightfully unconventional family, and the free country life they lived was exactly to his taste. A very warm friendship grew up between him and Lizzie Seton; which only ended with her death in 1906.

Through his friend Robert Gordon, he was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Lord. Mr. Lord became the firm's lawyer. In their house lived Mrs. Lord's two younger sisters, Elizabeth and Lydia Butler. The quiet reserved young Englishman did not at first impress these two New York girls as particularly entertaining or interesting. Mr. Booth seems, however, to have called upon them fairly assiduously, in spite of a certain lack of encouragement. Before long the younger of the two sisters, Miss Lydia, somewhat changed her opinion, and came to the conclusion there was more in Mr. Booth than she had at first thought. In 1866 Lydia Butler went abroad with her brother-in-law John Crosby and his family. On her way home she stayed in Liverpool for a few days with Charles and Emily Booth.

The following spring Alfred Booth and Lydia Butler became engaged to be married. This news was received with delight in Liverpool, where Lydia Butler had won golden opinions during her visit, as appears from the

following letter to my father from his cousin Tom Fletcher :

“DEAR OLD FELLOW,—I have waited to write, until it would perhaps be a little more apparent I wrote what I did feel, and not what was pumped into me by the pressure of public opinion in the shape of my family and relations. There is happily in this case no need of endeavouring only to look at the bright side of an unpleasant event, for without any effort at gush and facetious enthusiasm there can be no two opinions about this being the pleasantest event that has happened in our family circle. When Miss Butler left us I said, ‘If Alfred does not marry that girl, he’s a fool.’ You’re about to do so, ergo you are not a fool, and do not throw discredit on the family and your bringing-up. I was more struck with her than I have ever been, I think, principally by her intense power of conversation. In my opinion that is the sole indispensable qualification for a woman with whom you intend to spend the rest of your natural existence. If she possess faith, hope, charity, and all the rest of the cardinal virtues to boot, and have not conversation, she is as nothing. To degenerate into the husband asleep at one side of the fire, and the wife at the other, and the kettle and the cat the only two intelligent members of the family, is a prospect from which heaven preserve me and any one else whom I like.

“On reading this over, there seems a very

bumptious tone about it, but believe me it is sincere, and I am,

“Yours affectionately,
“TOM FLETCHER.”

Among the bride's relations, however, opinions were mixed. International marriages were not as common then as they are now. Lydia Butler's brothers and sisters were all married at this time, Lizzie having married Dr. Thomas Kirkbride the previous year. The connection was a large one, and all the family were ardent New Yorkers. The Butlers on both their father's and mother's sides were descended from the old Puritan stock.

Benjamin Franklin Butler, Lydia Butler's father, had been for some years the leader of the New York Bar, and Attorney-General in Van Buren's Administration, also at one time Secretary to the Navy under General Jackson. Her eldest brother, William Allen, seemed likely to follow in his father's footsteps. It was not, therefore, altogether surprising that the Butler family did not consider the reserved young man, who not only had the misfortune to be an Englishman, but a Unitarian to boot, and was, moreover, a business man; a very desirable “parti” for their youngest sister. It is recorded in the Butler annals that when my mother's only living aunt, “Aunt Lydia Allen”—who

remembered the death of her brother, Lieutenant Howard Allen; in the war of 1812 against the British—heard of the engagement, she threw up her hands and could only ejaculate, more in sorrow than in anger, “What would her pious ancestors have said!”

Miss Butler, however, stuck to her choice, in spite of the opinion of others, and was married to Mr. Booth at the Church of the Covenant in New York, on 24th October 1867.

How completely and how quickly her relatives changed their opinion of Mr. Booth was very gratifying to his wife.

Indeed, my father was soon the most beloved of “in-laws.” To his American nieces he became a very special uncle. He used to say, jokingly, that that man was most blessed who had most nieces. With Mary Nicoll¹ in particular, the intimacy was lasting and valuable to them both, while in the case of Elizabeth and Mary Kirkbride the bond was tender beyond words. And much the same might be said about his American nephews. To all of them he was a personality, and to many an intimate friend; his nephew Willard Butler was his chosen companion on many journeys. My father’s affection and understanding for America and things

¹ Daughter of my mother’s eldest sister, Mrs. John Crosby.

American, helped of course greatly in arriving at this happy state of affairs.

Two months after the marriage of my father and mother, they sailed for England, and in February started on a journey to the East and were away three months.

Their eldest child, Charles, was born on 27th October 1868 at 27 Croxteth Road, and on 10th April the family sailed for New York on the *Russia*. In June my aunt Emily went over to visit them. They were then living in the country, at Wayside Cottage, near Scarsdale, the home of the Benjamin Butlers.

Mabel was born in New York on 18th November 1869. The family remained in America till 1872, when they came to Liverpool and settled at Eastbourne, Prince's Park. Here Alfred Allen was born on 17th September.

Another visit to America, in 1873, proved the last for some time. The business was growing considerably, as also was the Alfred Booth family, and it became necessary to make the home on one side of the Atlantic or the other. England was chosen, partly because my father was needed in Liverpool for business reasons; and the family sailed, in July 1874, from New York and settled at No. 15 Croxteth Road. Hester Emily was born there on 27th September.

The houses round Sefton Park were now in

process of building, and my father took No. 46 Ullet Road. He made a number of alterations before moving into it in 1875. Constance Lydia Allen and Harriet Anna were both born at Ullet Road—Constance on 25th January 1876, and Harriet on 9th January 1879.

Meanwhile my uncle Charles had become engaged to Miss Mary Macaulay, and was married in 1871. A few years later they moved to London; where an office of the Booth Steamship Company was opened. My uncle thus had the opportunity to undertake the tremendous task of investigating the condition of the London poor, with which his name will always be connected.

Aunt Emily then made her home with Uncle Philip and Aunt Anna at Croxteth Gate. After Aunt Anna's death in 1899, Aunt Emily continued to live with Uncle Philip till her own death, all too soon, seven years later. Much might be told of her unselfish and loving nature, of all her good deeds, to say nothing of her powers of intellect, but those who loved her will like best to picture her in Stevenson's verse :

Chief of our aunts—not only I,
But all your dozen of nurslings cry—
What did the other children do ?
And what were childhood, wanting you ?

Since writing this the death of my uncle Charles has occurred on 23rd November 1916,



Mrs. Alfred Booth

at Gracedieu Manor, Leicestershire—his country home for thirty years. He remained chairman of the Booth Steamship Co. till within a few years of his death. An account of his life, with all its great and strenuous work, lies outside the scope of this record.

II

1880—1914

From this time Liverpool became the settled home and the centre of all my parents' activities.

The business was my father's chief occupation. It was growing every year. Quite distinct from the business part of it, he had a special feeling of affection and responsibility towards all connected in any way with it. He went out of his way to know personally his captains and their wives, to be interested in the lives of all the staff, not only when they were at work in the office, but also in their own homes. Business did not, however, take up so much of his time that he could not undertake some of those social obligations which, as a citizen of Liverpool, he felt it his duty to fulfil.

In politics he was a staunch Liberal, by tradition and temperament, and he held strong and convinced views. But he had no inclination to take an active part in politics; publicity of

any sort was entirely foreign to his temperament. His sympathies were thoroughly democratic, and he had a hatred of privilege ; yet he was by nature fastidious, almost exclusive. He had no patience with shams and unrealities, whether in religion or society, but in all his unsparing criticism of time-serving institutions there was a spiritual and intellectual irony which was not only stimulating but also endearing. Certainly life was never without interest where he was, because his views were so entirely independent.

It is true that as he grew older he had periods of depression, when the evil of the world seemed to overshadow the good. But this was largely the result of health. It was then that he lost much of his earlier faith, and found it difficult to reconcile the world, as he saw it, with a God of Love. For has it not been truly said : “ Loss of faith in omnipotent goodness and wisdom is far more likely to attack a keenly sympathetic and pitiful nature with its solicitude for the sufferings of others which it is powerless to alleviate, than a more selfish and narrow nature, which feels little so long as its individual life is not touched. Yet which of these is nearer akin to the spirit of Jesus, and to the Father whom He revealed ? ”

It was also because his “gentle spirit, merciful and fierce,” was so sensitive to beauty in every form

that the moral disorders of the world were wont to affect my father in a disproportionate degree. During ten or fifteen years he was anything but a strong man physically, and he retired from an active share in the business when he was fifty-five years of age, for he wished to give a greater share of his energy to useful public work, and fuller scope to those sides of life which had so strong an appeal for him. But, although he had retired, he kept his desk in the office of Alfred Booth and Co., and when at home went there regularly, and never lost touch with what was happening in the business.

The political control of the brewing interest in this country, and the power of the licensing trade created in him feelings of strong indignation.

In 1891 he was appointed a magistrate, and was very soon elected to the Licensing Bench. He never missed a Licensing Session if it were at all possible to be present, and twice, when some important recommendation on the reduction of the number of public-houses was under consideration, he travelled back from Switzerland in the middle of his holiday in order to record his vote and support the party of reform. As in everything else that he did, he took immense trouble to get facts before he acted, and when, at the beginning of this century, the Licensing question became a burning one,

he went into the worst quarters of Liverpool—often at night—to visit public-houses and see things for himself. Mr. Saunders, the Clerk to the Justices, in a letter written after my father's death, speaks of him as one of the few magistrates who would come to talk over the work, apart from the Courts, and from whom he was always sure of help in any difficult case.

His love of animals led him to become an early member of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and one of the most important pieces of public work he did was in connection with the transport of cattle from Ireland. In November 1893 he brought forward the cruel features of this traffic at the Liverpool Committee of the R.S.P.C.A. He had for some time convinced himself that the suffering among the animals was very great, and that an inquiry into the whole subject was urgently necessary. A severe storm during November took him down to the landing-stage, where he saw for himself the unloading of the dead and dying cattle from one of the Dublin boats—a painful and sickening sight. The Steamship Companies took little responsibility, and much depended on the individual captain. The Society failed to get a conviction against the captain of the steamer which arrived with its live cargo in shocking condition. On my father's motion a sub-committee was

formed to investigate the whole question. This involved frequent early morning visits to the docks and elsewhere, and the seeing of sundry and various people connected with the trade.

I remember well my father going down to the landing-stage before breakfast on Sunday mornings—Sunday being the favourite day for the arrival of these Cross-Channel cattle boats. This movement in Liverpool resulted in the appointment by the Board of Agriculture of a Departmental Committee to inquire into “the transit by water and embarkation of animals carried coastwise.” My father was asked to sit on this committee, which entailed constant journeys to London, and he also went over to Dublin to investigate matters and interview people there. In January 1894, the Liverpool sub-committee of the R.S.P.C.A. completed a convincing and exhaustive report, which they sent up to the President of the Board. In August 1894 the Departmental Committee issued their report, which dealt with practically all the points raised by the Report of the R.S.P.C.A. Sub-Committee. The Board of Agriculture was prompt and sympathetic. An order was very shortly issued, in England and Ireland, embodying all the principal clauses of the Report. Further improvements have since been made, but it was the order of 1894 which definitely inaugurated better conditions.

Education was again a natural channel for his energies. His interest in University College, now the Liverpool University, dated from its inception, and before the College was founded he was a member of the Council of Education. He endowed no specific professorship—his means did not allow it—but he contributed largely to the chair of Physics, influenced in this choice by his friendship for Sir Oliver Lodge. Later, he, with Mrs. George Holt and Mr. Charles Jones, endowed, for a period, the chair of Classical Archæology.

Here, as elsewhere, he was not merely satisfied with the giving of money, but constantly showed a keen and sympathetic interest in working-details, which called forth the appreciation and affection of the University staff. Of his devoted work as Chairman of the Ashfield Street Schools for forty years, his family knew little, and that only incidentally.

During the last eight years of his life he was intimately associated with the work of a young Liverpool oculist for the prevention of infantile blindness.

Dr. Arthur Nimmo Walker¹ had come to the conclusion that, in order to prevent infantile ophthalmia, which resulted in hundreds of blind babies being thrown upon the world every year, it was essential to treat mother and child together. He talked over his theories and conclusions

¹ Killed 24th September 1916 in the Battle of the Somme.

with my father, who gave him instant sympathy. It can be easily understood how in one who, like my father, took such immense pleasure in the beauty of the world, the thought of "never seeing" touched the keenest sense of pity. The result was that my father worked with untiring energy to collect money to rebuild St. Paul's Eye Hospital, with a special ward to accommodate mother and child. This ward now bears his name. Dr. Walker was further convinced that there should be compulsory notification of this disease;¹ and here again my father gave him every encouragement and help in his power.

After all, the causes that appealed to him most were the forgotten and lost ones. In the dark winter of 1896, when the Armenian massacres took place, he was profoundly moved, and almost immediately joined the Armenian Relief Committee, of which he remained a member to the end. The Secretary and Treasurer were always sure of getting practical help and sympathy from him. His portrait now hangs in the Mission Room at Varna, with the inscription, "One of our best and truest friends." In 1908 he was asked to join a small representative party from England to be present at the opening of the New Rule in Turkey under the young Turks. He felt the journey too much of an undertaking and the

¹ Liverpool was one of the first cities to adopt this plan.

weather too cold—it was late autumn—and refused the invitation with keen regret.

It was no surprise to those who knew him best, that to his mind, the Boer War was not justified. He did not come to this conclusion without much thought and mental suffering.

Giving was second nature to him. I remember very well that, while he was staying with a friend, her gardener's boy was taken ill, and my father at once offered to pay all the expenses of an operation strongly recommended. When she pointed out that the boy had no claim upon him, his only answer was that if he had the money available it was the least he could do to give it. Of no man could it be more truly said that his right hand knew not what his left hand did. I think even my mother was ignorant of the number of people he was helping, quite independently of the ordinary channels. It only added piquancy to these gifts when it appeared that many of these unknown friends were clergy of the Church of England.

But, perhaps, the work one loves best to connect with him was the never-failing sympathy and encouragement he gave to my mother in all her public work. When she was President of the National Union of Women Workers, he was always at her side to help and advise her, and never allowed anything to interfere with him accom-

panying her on her journeys to attend meetings. Nothing was ever too much trouble to him; if a thing was worth doing it was worth doing *well*. He found it difficult to be patient with what he called "the present careless generation." Carelessness in speech was also unpardonable with him, and the limited or slang vocabulary of the present day an insult to the language. The type of servant who scamped her work or never used her brains was a constant source of irritation to him, and one of his favourite theories was that he could manage the kitchen better than the cook!

It was part of a nature such as his to dislike extremely any kind of extravagance or show, but both he and my mother were very hospitable; no American relation or friend passed through Liverpool without staying at No. 46 Ullet Road. In Liverpool, to a certain number of friends, the house became their second home and my father "the House Father," while my mother was always called "the House Mother." Those were, of course, the "intimates," but there were many others who had, I think, a particular affection for No. 46. My father's manner of greeting those whom he loved with both arms slightly outstretched, was characteristic. My mother's hospitality was of the kind that knew no distinctions, and she had the gift of making everybody feel at home. Gradually the house became

more and more the home they wished it to be. It was my father who arranged everything in it, from the pictures on the walls to the vases on the mantelpieces. He added a large room in 1888—"the old room"—for which he loved to collect beautiful things when on his travels.

He would have delighted in a large garden, for, like his mother, he had the gardening instinct; but it was not until circumstances of health made it necessary, in the late years of his life, that he felt justified in taking a country house.

He was a great reader; few people knew over what a wide range of subjects. He was also a very good "selector" of books; and it was a happy coincidence that made him President of The Athenæum in the year of its centenary. His books on Italian Art alone formed quite a library by themselves, and he had read them all. His voice was delightful, and his reading aloud in the evening was a regular family institution till the last days of his life. He loved music—had done so from a boy—and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to have music in his own house.

But the æsthetic side of his nature found a vent, not only in making his house beautiful, but also in his many Italian journeys, his intimate knowledge of all contemporary schools of painting, the encouragement and help he gave to struggling artists, the rare delight he took in architecture.



THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS
From a pencil sketch by Alfred Booth, 1905

His judgment about pictures was almost unerring, and his criticisms always helpful. This was the opinion of artists.

Of contemporary schools of painting, the modern Dutch School interested him most. Holland, its history, its people, and its way of life, appealed to him especially. It was a great pleasure to him, on his second trip to Holland, to have an introduction to Josef Israels and other artists; and before he died he had gradually acquired a number of representative Dutch pictures.

But his heart was chiefly in Greece and Italy. To go to either of those countries with him was an inspiration and a privilege. There was little he did not know about Greek and Renaissance architecture and sculpture, or Renaissance painting. The springs of his enthusiasm never dried up. He was as keen on his last journey to Italy, when he was in his eightieth year, as he had ever been. Italy meant so much to him, that he loved to have others share his enjoyment, and on nearly every journey he took some friend who might otherwise have lacked the opportunity. He always claimed the first place for Rome—Ruskin notwithstanding. Venice he knew by heart and revelled in the motion and colour of the Venetian artists. He admired Tintoretto more and more, and I remember seeing him just throw up his hands after looking

at the frescoes in the Scuola di San Rocco, as though words of admiration were hopeless. But if he delighted in the Venetian colour and movement, the purity of form of the Florentines gave him, I think, more intimate pleasure. Nobody could ever forget going with him to Santa Croce, and seeing his delight in Donatello. One experienced very much the same feeling when one was with him on the Parthenon: above all when he was looking at the carved decorations of the Erechtheum. It was this love of beauty that made life what it was to him. It gave him his greatest pleasures, but it also made him more than commonly sensitive to its ugly places.

He made these Italian journeys chiefly after he had retired from business, when it was desirable for him to be away from England in the early spring months. Before that time the family travels had taken place mainly in the summer holidays, and what holidays they were! The first family trip to Switzerland was made in 1881, when my father and mother took the three elder children to join the William Allen Butler family at Seelisberg on the Lake of Lucerne. In 1885 the whole party went to the Engadine, and this journey became the forerunner of all those never-to-be-forgotten Alpine summers, when my father took all of us to Switzerland or Tirol. At these times we were nearly always joined by the Kirkbride family, or at any rate some



LEAM HALL

From a pencil sketch by Alfred Booth, 1910

American cousins, by Willard Butler and our dear old French governess, Mlle. Graff. There never were any holidays like them, the whole company was moved about as if on a magic carpet, and it became almost a source of grievance to relations at home, who were not so adventurous, that the Alfred Booths never even lost a trunk, though there might be fourteen in the party, and most of these young people.

Even after he had taken Leam Hall these journeys did not cease, though they were apt to be shorter. My father never felt a summer quite complete without a sight of the Alps from somewhere. All these journeys are described in full detail in his diaries, and if his wanderings were traced on a map, few parts of the Alpine region would be left untouched. He was not a climber in the professional sense of the term, though no man walked up hill more easily nor came down more swiftly, often to the chagrin of the younger members of the party who tried to keep up with him. It was a great pleasure to him when Alfred took to more serious climbing, and Constance and I followed suit; he would plan every bit of our expeditions with us, often coming half-way to meet us. If bad weather interfered, he was as much disappointed as the youngest member of the party. To us a very large part of the enjoyment of it all was to "tell Papa about it afterwards." It was a great bond

between him and his sons-in-law that they shared his love of the mountains.

It was this certainty of his sympathy and interest that made any little achievement worth the effort. One little example of what I mean. When Constance and I determined to try our hands at sketching, there never was anybody so keen to help us as my father. On my last visit to Grasmere, three weeks before his eightieth birthday, he held an umbrella over me for the best part of an hour, in order that I might finish a sketch I had begun and not be disappointed.

The most enterprising journeys he made in his later life were both in America. In the summer of 1901 he took my mother, Constance, and me to the United States, and leaving my mother at North-East Harbour with my Aunt Lizzie Kirkbride, the three of us, with Elizabeth and Mary Kirkbride, went across the continent by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Victoria, British Columbia, stopping fourteen days in the Rockies, and returning by the Northern Pacific Railway and the Yellowstone Park. He, my mother, Mabel, and some of the American relations spent the winter of 1909-10 in California, going by way of the Grand Cañon and the Yosemite Valley.

His love of the sea came back to him in these latter years, and in 1911 he went to Portugal, and the following year to Egypt, making the whole journey by sea. He knew everything



ALFRED BOOTH AND HIS DAUGHTER HARRIET
At Leam Hall, 1904

about a ship, and in his younger days he was as competent as any seaman to sail a boat.

When he was sixty-six (in 1900) he rented Leam Hall, Grindleford Bridge, Derbyshire, from Colonel Athorpe ; and here for eleven years Leam seemed to be almost as much part of him as was No. 46 Ullet Road. It lay in the hilly country that he loved ; it had no pretensions to being a "country place," but was just a simple old Derbyshire house, lending itself admirably to the informal kind of country life and hospitality in which my father delighted. Here he worked in the garden all day in his familiar grey knickerbockers ; took a keen interest in everything and everybody on the place, happy in having his children and grandchildren with him. Anybody who loved Leam found they had discovered a sure road to my father's heart ; and to his children no other country home approaches it for memories of sweetness and freedom and happiness.

He gave up the house in 1911, as the climate in winter and spring was too cold for him.

In the last three summers of his life he returned to the country of his first love, the English Lakes. The summers of 1913 and 1914 were spent at Grasmere, and were exceptionally fine. He was never better in health, never happier nor more enthusiastic over the scenery ; and six weeks before he died—just after his eightieth birthday—he took his two grandsons, William and Gervase

Hughes, up Helvellyn, he riding on a pony and as keen as either boy over the expedition.

The outbreak of the war came as a terrible blow to him. He had worked for Peace all his life. It was not easy to readjust the opinions of a lifetime, but he was determined to keep in touch with the views of his sons. He stood the strain far better than we had expected; but it is a matter for deep thankfulness that he had only to bear it for three months.

He and my mother stayed on at Forest Side, Grasmere, till the first week of October, when they returned to Ullet Road. He had not been at home three weeks when he was taken ill, and died, four days later, on 2nd November 1914.

“Ye forefathers of the generations,
and of our families, and of our kindred :
unto you, the founders of our homes,
we utter the gladness of our thanks.”



ON THE WAY TO EASEDALE TARN, 1914

LETTERS WRITTEN BY ALFRED BOOTH
1859-1914

LETTERS FROM ALFRED BOOTH

New York : Monday, 20th September 1859.

MY DEAR ANNA,—I was delighted to hear of your trip into Yorkshire, and that you enjoyed it so much. I think Yorkshire is a splendid county. It contains almost everything—old ruins, abbeys and cathedrals, wild hill country, fine sea coast, rich cultivation, and large towns. I am sorry you did not go to Bolton Abbey and Wharfedale ; my recollection of that valley is one of my very pleasantest, but I believe now it is not so quiet and retired as it used to be, the long time ago when we were there. I remember a delightful country hotel with lawn and garden and covered with some pretty creeper ; and the splendid trees and meadows down by the river, with the Abbey in their midst backed by the woods up the sides of the hills, and the Wharfe itself, a most delicious stream as you followed it up to the famous Strid and the Boy of Egremont—"What is good for a Bootless Bene" &c.—and on to romantic old Barden Tower standing up all alone amidst the woods. And then a famous old quarto, at the inn, a history of Craven and all its legends, the old tales of Bolland Forest, the great White Cow &c. From your description Rivaulx Abbey must be beautiful. I hope I shall see it some day. Fountains I remember just as it struck you, beautifully kept and arranged, and a very fine abbey, but a contrast to the natural seclusion of Wharfedale. You were sure to like York and the grand Minster ; is not the West front superb, and the interior ? I remember the East window and the seven sisters. It was a great pity

the organ was under repair, for to hear such an organ in such a church is what does not befall one many times in a life.

I want to tell you about the remainder of my journeyings, for I did not finish the tale in my last to Charley, and I have no doubt you like to hear all about it. I think I had got to about the end of the White Mountains and to Gorham, where the Grand Trunk Railway from Portland to Montreal comes, with a bend through the valley of the river Androscoggin almost up to the bases of the great hills. We gave ourselves a day there, as there are some remarkably fine views to be had looking back at the mountains from the different walks about. Four miles along the river at the Lead Mine bridge you get the most beautiful picture, the winds of the river and its pebbly shore, and woody banks with the meadows that lie by its side backed by old Madison Adams and Washington in a fine position some twelve or fifteen miles off. There were two or three artists at work, and a man with waggon, horse, and photographing machine, which showed it a favourite spot. The evening sun, walking back to Gorham, lit up the whole valley and the hills all round in beautiful colours—and altogether it was a very satisfactory day. In the morning we had got a remarkable view up the valley we had just come down, with its sweeping seas of forest, and then cloud-capped mountains from a moderate elevation, where also, that another taste might be gratified, were a quantity of capital wild raspberries, almost as large as garden ones. Great quantities seem to grow about, and the consequence was raspberry pie at dinner. The next day we were to start at eleven, so I got one more jolly walk, in the fresh mountain air, up the valley in the opposite direction, and then good-bye to it; but it is an interesting railway ride through very hilly country and brawling streams for a long way. Between 1 and 2 we stopped to dine, and go through the form of passing luggage, and very soon after crossed the line of division between Uncle Sam's domain and that of her Britannic Majesty; and by 7 o'clock were once more on the shore of the mighty St. Lawrence looking across at Montreal in the dusk. The

hotel, and the band of the 17th playing splendidly in front of the officers' quarters next door: all looked just as it did last year, and there was the same pleasant feeling of being out of the tiresome old States, and under the Meteor flag once more. That night there was another beautiful aurora. I was very much struck to notice that you had that of the previous Sunday at exactly the same time in England—when an electrical appearance in the atmosphere is seen by us in that way, it seems as if the distance between were small indeed. We determined to stay over Sunday at Montreal; so on Saturday went to look at the Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence for the railway—a splendid work, and intended now to be opened by the end of the year, though there are still four or five tubes to be built up, and a pier or two—and afterwards to the cemetery on the mountain. I was glad to be at Montreal on Sunday, as they have one of our churches there—and a very nice respectable and rather pretty one it is. I went morning and evening. A young minister whom I liked, not the regular one though, who was away, just returning from England. On Monday morning we went by railway to Ottawa, and got there at 2 o'clock. I wanted to see the river, as it is such a fine one, and the country up there, as it is more out of the regular track; and also to see what is intended to be the Capital, as it was described to have a very fine situation. At present it is but a moderate town, the buildings here and there, and streets far from filled up, but it is all planned out on paper. Scattered about, it now stands on a considerable space of ground—I should think for a mile and a half at least along the river—and as the banks are a succession of fine perpendicular bluffs, level at the top, you have capital sites for buildings &c. overlooking the river, and across the country beyond, to the north. On the most central of these positions the new Government and Parliament buildings are to be put, and if Ottawa becomes a fine city it will certainly look very well indeed, approaching it by water. The valley higher up is the greatest timber district in Canada, I believe, and the cutters are

settled two and three hundred miles and more above. They cut the timber in the winter, and in summer send it down in rafts. Just above the city are the Chaudière Falls, fine from the great volume of water, but not high—the river was remarkably low when we were there—and a suspension bridge goes over just by them. I saw an immense raft of large timber start that afternoon; it had quite a crew of men, French Canadians, and sheds &c. built for them—and they take three weeks to get down to Quebec. I don't know how they manage the rapids of which there are some, but I suppose they divide the raft up again. The steamboat down the river starts at half-past six in the morning, so at that early hour we put ourselves duly on board, and soon had a very good breakfast. It was a nice large boat with an extremely gentlemanly captain, and the day was lovely, one of the warmest we had had, and altogether I enjoyed the sail down very much—splendid woods and sometimes open country or clearings on both banks, and occasional villages at which we stopped, with now and then a wooded island. It would be a fine place to settle in, I think—they say it is some of the finest land in Canada, and if Ottawa is to be an important place, as it ought to be, the prospects for land on the river will of course improve. You would have to pay about £1 an acre. There was rather a fine girl on board going down to Montreal to school under the captain's charge, with whom I made acquaintance, and I learnt from her some of the things about the place, she being a native, and her father an Ottawa timber merchant. The Canadians are *such* a delightful change after the Americans; the difference between the two peoples is extraordinary, I assure you—their appearance, expression, voice, accent, ways, manner, everything. It may be *partly* prejudice from feeling so like home and amongst one's own countrymen again, but not mostly, I am sure.

Ever your affectionate brother,

ALFRED BOOTH.

New York : Sunday morning, 19th February 1860.

DEAR ANNA,—Yesterday morning brought me this hard news from home. What a change it makes to us all. I am so much obliged to you and to Philip for the full account you sent me of Papa's illness, and how Philip thought of having the last thing of all, which was very nice ; it is very hard that I could not be there. I feel so thankful to know that he passed away so gently and without pain, and to hear of him lying on Friday with a pleasant happy face. Charley's letter made me feel uneasy. Henry Gair wrote to me by the Wednesday steamer and mentioned that he had heard my father was going on well, so that I was not prepared for it yesterday. H. G. wrote again and I learnt it from him, for his letter was delivered before yours. He wrote very kindly and spoke of his own father's death after eight days' illness, but he was in England then and followed him to his burial ; but I soon got your letters which told me all about it.

How it changes the prospect to me of coming home ; I did so want him to see me settled in a business of my own, if he had only been spared a few months longer I have no doubt I should have seen him, for I did not intend to stay here longer than the beginning of September, and I might very likely have left considerably sooner ; and now what I have always been looking forward to with such pleasure will seem so sad. I hope you are all getting on well now, and particularly Emily. Give her my best love and Aunt Hannah.¹ It is very sad indeed for her, and I am sure we will do everything we can to make her happy. I wish you would give her my love. I feel like a caged bird out here, with nothing whatever to keep me but my understanding with Henry Gair to stay through the next few months, and when there is no doubt that my proper place is at this time at home, on many accounts. Of course if I had been free I should have come straight off by the *Canada* instead

¹ My father's stepmother.

of this letter, and I intend to write to Henry Gair telling him that now of course I am very anxious to get home, and I have no doubt they will be able to arrange to relieve me speedily. I can't bear stopping on here without any reason except this, and I am sure R. B. & Co. will be very glad to do what they can, for it is only anticipating by a few months the change that would occur in any case early in September. Just before Papa died—the day before—I sent him a letter all about a business plan I have got and that I am very anxious to prosecute ; and I wrote again once or twice shortly after. I don't know who would open them, perhaps you, my dear sister, instead of him who had gone away before they would come ; so you will know what I have been thinking about, and how inconvenient it is to be tied up. Philip, in his letter, thinks I should do well to continue here ; to be sure he does not know all the circumstances. I am sure it would be Papa's wish as it is mine, that I should be at home, and try in some measure to take his place in all the ways that I can, if it did not interfere with my other pursuits—it is now my natural duty and ambition. Anna, I feel it is a very great loss to me indeed. Papa has been more to me of late years than ever before, I think, and I have looked forward to his counsel and advice when I came home, and to his interest in all my doings. Now I must go my own gait. You remember that time when I came quickly home from Scotland, he told me about his affairs, as he was preparing to go ; and this is now two years and a half ago—and it seems so long since he bid me good-bye on the deck of the *America*. Though it is so sad to return to such a blank at home, I now feel my responsibilities and I long to be there. And to T., C. & E. perhaps the loss is even greater, for they are younger ; still I am sure that we are all so imbued with the feeling of how our Father and Mother thought and lived that I don't fear anything, and we must keep them both together in our thoughts more than ever. I am glad to think that he rests in the same grave. “I am the resurrection and the life : he that

New York. 6 Jan 1863
My dear Tom

We got our letter (the
Acia on Monday morning^(yesterday)) and I
am much obliged for yours -
Charles had quite a budget - in
return for the news of his safe arrival.

We had most inspiring news this
morning from Genl Rosecrans
He has got the victory for which
he had been struggling so fearfully
for 3 days - We were getting
uneasy at the accounts of the
third day - we knew Rosecrans
was a splendid fellow, or at least
believed so; but he was thought
to have the inferior force, and the
result of a defeat would have been
most disastrous - perhaps worse
than anything yet - His own des-
patch published this morning was
therefore a great relief - and if
it can be done he will follow up
what he has gained. Vicksburg,
the only remaining Secession stronghold

LETTER BY ALFRED BOOTH

FACSIMILE I.

believeth in Me though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

Ever, dear Anna,

Your affectionate brother,

ALFRED BOOTH.

My love and best thanks to Philip for his kind letter and all that he has been doing.

New York: 6th January 1863.

MY DEAR TOM,—We got our letters off the *Asia* on Monday morning (yesterday) and I am much obliged for yours. Charley had quite a budget in return for the news of his safe arrival.

We had most inspiring news this morning from General Rosecrans. He has got the victory for which he had been struggling so fearfully for three days. We were getting uneasy at the accounts of the third day. We knew Rosecrans was a splendid fellow, or at least believed so, but he was thought to have the inferior force, and the result of a defeat would have been most disastrous—perhaps worse than anything yet. His own despatch published this morning was therefore a great relief, and if it can be done he will follow up what he has gained. Vicksburg, the only remaining Secession stronghold on the Mississippi, is meanwhile reported to have fallen, and if it has not I hardly think it will hold out long. The north will then be surely drawing the boundary line of slave power westward, and notwithstanding the dreadful affair at Fredericksburg, and the dangerous position of the finances, I am not disposed to think things looking so black as many will make out.

We have been spending Sunday at Cragdon—from Saturday to Monday—and one gets healthy views of the war from that active participator in it, Wm. Seton, still hopping about on one leg. It is interesting to me to see the way in which some of his opinions have changed with his experience of the last two years—and I am rather pleased to find him expressing my

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opinion *almost precisely* on the cause, meaning, objects, and result of this war. He has had as good means as any one of forming a good practical opinion.

Mr. Seton does not go on quite the same ground, but comes to the same result, viz. that as long as there is slavery, not hemmed in, there is no peace, and he is for the last extremities before a thought of giving in. He is a man who has been a good deal connected with the South, but the rebellion has evidently opened his eyes to the meaning of the slave power and the state of society produced by slavery, and he would fight to the end to exterminate them from the country. It is against them that he is—not so much slavery itself—which he no doubt, like so many here, has got so accustomed to, supposing it did not produce such effects. I don't think Charley will have time to write at all to-day to anybody. It was very pleasant at Cragdon with the fresh country air and quiet after the town, and the originality of sundry things. We went to the village church, while they went to Mass five miles off; after dinner some skating on the pool in their stream, and all sorts of secular music and tunes after tea, and the cheerful log in our bedroom fire at bedtime, making a scent in the room in a way you cannot quite come in Croxteth Road.

I am glad all seems going on rightly. I must stop for to-day.

Your affectionate brother,
ALFRED BOOTH.

New York: Sunday, 10th January 1864.

DEAR ANNA,—I have been fancying Charley got home to-day sometime. I hope safe and sound, and that he will find all you dear people so too. I have been getting along famously since he went and feel very content here, in fact I like it, so I hope all will go on as well as we can wish. Somehow distances are getting to seem but trifling matters to me, and although we are not together, yet if we are where it seems

best under the circumstances to be, and where each would be of his own choice, I think it will soon seem happiest so to all. Charley will tell you what these rooms are like, where I feel quite settled now and comfortable enough, and I have introduced a great improvement in a drop-light from the gas, for the chandeliers here are made to hang rather high, or at least they will not draw down, and now the light is very nice to read or write by, and makes a very snug feeling in the room. I have once or twice been disappointed with myself for dropping asleep over my book in the evening, and having nobody by to twit me for the same an extended nap is apt to be the consequence ; but then I take it out of him by making my cup of tea, and thereupon feeling quite lively till midnight. The servant here is a nice presentable one, instead of being what the Irish female-helps here are generally, and this I look upon as a fortunate thing, for I hate having one of those ungainly women about.

You do not know how to appreciate servants till you have been here. A light breakfast is brought in at 8—it does not suit them to provide substantials—consisting of coffee (with hot milk to my taste which is two-thirds) and toast and the loaf of the place (which never exceeds the size of a sponge) with a variation of chocolate on Sundays and holidays, when I always think of Old Poz, as the first man I ever knew who took chocolate to breakfast. The consequence of this régime is a good lunch tolerably early—a change of practice for me—and I do not know that it is a bad one.

As for dinner, I refer you to C. as to our elegant repasts at the Brevoort. Tell him James has been unprecedentedly attentive since Xmas, even condescending sometimes to the menial offices of the table in a light way. I am afraid I have been talking all of eating. When I had nearly finished dinner to-day, being rather early—a walk round the Central Park having made me hungry—C.'s friend Saunders came to my table, and I kept him company through his meal, and have since, at his request, smoked the greater part of a small mild

cigar in the downstairs room at the Brevoort, where also were Sala, who is out here for the *Daily Telegraph*,—paid a large salary to write about (or in other words I suppose to blackguard) this country—and a loud-talking Queen's messenger, talking amongst other things about being at the Embassy at Constantinople. Strange the last loud-talking Queen's messenger I came across was at Missirie's also talking about the Embassy dinners there and that creditable individual Sir H. Bulwer.

It has been a magnificent day, hard frost still but not too cold to be very pleasant walking, and half the world seemed out in sleighs for the round of the park, while the ice was a lively sight, the skaters, however, chiefly of the second and third class, it being Sunday. We have had continued hard frost since New Year's Day, and the accounts from the west tell of fearful severity in the weather there—fancy 20° below Zero and a strong wind with it; something unusual this and quite unlivable in. You perhaps do not know the story of the locomotive brought to a stand with his boiler freezing, notwithstanding all efforts of the fireman; quite authentic.

I have got a tidy little lot of literature here, including Scott, Lamb, Goldsmith, Byron, Coleridge, Carlyle, and Macaulay—that is some of—and a bookstand which helps to make the table look habitable. I may increase the stock occasionally; and there is a capital library five streets off.

I saw a letter in the *Times*, accidentally, from friend E. P. Arnold, on Canon Stanley's appointment to the Deanery of Westminster, called out by some narrow, but doubtless consistent, orthodox alarm thereat on the part of Canon Wordsworth, who seems to have written on the subject.

I have been interested in Cobden's bout with the detestable *Times* in the person of Delane, and have of course sympathised with his righteous indignation. I think a man is right to be angry sometimes, and I like to see him express what he feels—what any man must feel in dealing with that

unceasing oracle of unfairness and mean ideas, which the Englishman accepts as his daily prophet.

Cobden's short letter to the Marquis of Hartington gave me great satisfaction.

It is no time for us to be self-complacent, whatever other countries may be. We all have had enough rotten places; the question is whose are most curable, and like to be. I don't think great ignorance, servility, and dependence on the part of a majority of a population are strong points in these days.

I was much obliged for your letter written at Christmas. Philip put in a few lines too, and there was one from E. at Hyde Park Square, giving pleasant accounts of quiet doings there.

Faithful Keppler has fastened C.'s small photograph up on his desk in front of him, so he is still present in the office in that shape. I think I get on pretty well with my clerks too—I try to at any rate.

Ever your affectionate brother,

ALFRED BOOTH.

New York: 17th January 1864.

DEAR EMILY,—Your birthday is past but I will send you my good wishes to-day—success to your management of our little household, and a happy year to you and Charley. Anna writes me word of the arrival of Tom's things from Constantinople, and that she expected you on Friday—she seeing to matters being ready for you and Charley. He, I think, will have got home on Saturday. By the time of day and distance from Queenstown (his ship was spoken on Wednesday) I have reckoned that the arrival there may have been by sunset on Friday. I hope he will find he likes it when he has fairly tried Liverpool again. I am sure you two may carry on cleverly if you like.

I have not quite cured myself of dropping to sleep over a book in the evening, but otherwise I am very well satisfied,

and one ought not to need somebody to talk to every evening—especially as when I had, I had never very much to say. I am taking to learning things by heart which I find a pleasure, as I can do it, though slowly, and am convinced it is a good thing both with a view to a more correct memory, and perhaps to a person of slow perceptions it brings out the beauties, like sketching shows you things you might not else notice. Last week I was out on two evenings. I got a note “Mr. D. D. Lord requests etc. on Thursday at 8 o’clock,” and could not think why Mrs. was left out. I duly got there by about 9, and on entering the room found myself in the midst of a swarm of black coats—not a sign or shadow of a lady anywhere. The room seemed cleared of superfluous furniture, a clear carpeted field (had it not been so covered with said black coats) except round the sides where I believe there were a few seats, but I am sure nobody sat the whole time. And all spent an hour and a half in apparent content talking without any other diversion. I confess I got rather tired of standing, but there were one or two there whom I knew, and various and sundry well-known New York men, a number of venerable grey heads, besides the younger sort. Amongst them (not the grey heads) was pointed out to me Mr. A. T. Stewart, the great dry-goods man, now reputed to be, after Mr. Astor, the richest man in the country—twenty-five million dollars is what *his* money bag is reckoned at. He is not a remarkable-looking man, but must be clever to have made and managed so immense and successful a trade as his. In due time we went down to supper—oysters and ice in pyramids as usual—but on this occasion only as a basis, for there was a good deal else besides—quite a supper that would have satisfied a man who was hungry as well as fastidious. I don’t think parties like this are common here, but to me it was a new idea. I suppose they were all too sober to have any music, but there was at least one man there who sings, I know, admirably, and I think it would have enlivened this new kind, as it seemed to me, of evening party. Little George Lord was

very active in helping his brother to entertain. It had not struck me till to-day, when I met the two walking together in the Avenue, that his father is not a bit taller than he—a very pleasant-looking couple father and son. (Sunday evening, I have been to church to-day.) I walked home with Mr. Gray, and went in for a quarter of an hour to his rooms in Union Square. He is a first-rate American best sort of Republican—a good merchant and with a perfect confidence in the country and the rightful result of the great struggle. He is the most English-looking-and-speaking American I know—hails from Boston. He told me Mr. Weston went over in the *Persia* on Wednesday for a month or two's change.

The next evening was the Mrs. Delafield affair, to which she had asked me on New Year's day. Here was quite a change of scene. On entering the room I found myself in the midst of a perfect bevy of young ladies—only one other black coat to be seen at first sight. Here also, as a contrary, it was all sitting—sewing garments for coloured orphans being the pastime—with a very loud buzz of talk, in high evening dress. I was quickly introduced to two or three of the workers, or in other words ordered to make myself agreeable, and sat down *in medias res*, and in less than an hour had sewn on two buttons and been taught the buttonhole stitch, which accordingly I now add to my list of acquirements. The next room, through the folding doors, was also occupied in the same way, and the front one, through again, was not empty, and there was a small sprinkling of gentlemen throughout, which increased, so that when sewing stopped we became an ordinary party of sixty or seventy, and had a performance of the Lancers, and then after a while a Virginia Reel, which is Sir R. De Coverley with an addition or two. The young ladies were only fair as to good looks, excepting one or two, being nevertheless of some of our first families “and that sort of thing,” the prettiest, I think, being Miss Du Bois, whom I danced the Virginia Reel with, and seemingly a nice

girl withal. At this entertainment there was nothing in the shape of eatables, except a few cups of coffee handed about—not to me—at an early period, and I consequently had to get something in Broadway on my way back.

To-day I am expecting the steamer from Jamaica, and went down at 5 o'clock to the wharf to see whether she was in, without finding her; for I should have been glad of the letters which will enable me to determine whether she goes to Kingston this voyage or not, so as to go to the office in the morning with the arrangements decided. I hardly expected her before to-night, but we shall not have a minute to spare. This morning I went to church, episcopal, the one I think I like the best here; rather a small church and pretty. Music exceedingly good though sufficiently simple, with boy voices, and the congregation joins in everything. It is also rather High Church, which you know is better than Low, and carried into practice the free offertory system, no pew owning; there can be no question about this being the only true plan, and I never could see why it should not work in practice. The churches here are so prettily and profusely decked with evergreen for Christmas, and they generally keep on their verdure till Lent. Miss Butler asked me last Sunday where I went to church. Do they know our heretical faith? Ask Charley. I am quite afraid it would shock them all, though I hope they would get over it. The knowing that your religious belief is detested and misrepresented in the minds of your friends however is a very mild sort of persecution. It is sometimes a disadvantage.

It is bed-time, so good-night from your brother,

ALFRED BOOTH.

New York: 24th January 1864.

DEAR ANNA,—You will have seen the account of that hideous calamity at Santiago. It is a thing one can hardly endure to think of. It is a frightful world—in some ways of course understood. When one thinks of the sufferings

and atrocities that are constantly being undergone in one place or other, including the animals, which is a subject I always hate to think of, it is surely horrid and unaccountable; and the idea of a prolonged existence of such a condition of things unendurable. The good things are good enough in all conscience, but I do not know how they can but be dimmed by the abiding sense of the frightful things alongside, except by an ignoring of the latter, which I do not see to be possible. I do not know what is the use of writing this, for I believe it shows a poor state of mind.

I like some of what John Sterling wrote to Carlyle, 29th May 1835, about his "Sartor Resartus." I have been, or rather am, reading the "Life of John Sterling"; it is very excellent. There are some capital things in it, and altogether it is a most pleasant book. Carlyle often puts things so splendidly with his queer expression that they afford one infinite satisfaction: towards the end of Chapter I, Third Part, for instance, about Sterling and the Church—and when he was doing poetry rather than prose, "And the Age itself, does it not, beyond most ages, demand and require clear speech; an Age incapable of being sung to, in any but a trivial manner, till these convulsive agonies and wild revolutionary overturnings readjust themselves? Intelligible word of command, not musical psalmody and fiddling, is possible in this fell storm of battle." I think Sterling's was a very interesting character.

I am reading "Romola" too—a cheap copy C. had here; it is very good, and I rather like a story that introduces real people out of history, and this is at an interesting time and place, of which as usual, however, I am afraid I know next to nothing.

We have had a week of expectation deferred, the *Saladin* having been due on Monday, and it becoming clear on Friday that something unusual had happened. It is our practice here when we are expecting the steamer to walk round by the wharf on the way down in a morning, and I did so every

morning last week, always to find nothing but the inevitable schooner, which I got so tired of seeing, on rounding the corner of St. John's Square, lying in our berth and to be moved when our ship arrived, and to make the same speculations with Mr. Hopkinson the stevedore, or Fisher the wharf-keeper as to their detention. It was getting tiresome, and we were glad of news from Sandy Hook yesterday morning that the missing ship was passing in tow of a tug. The tug was not a strong one, one of a description of little energetic fast puffing screws which are found in these waters—and it was 3 o'clock before her charge was safely brought alongside. The piston had given way a week ago, about two days from here, and the captain was very glad to get hold of a pilot boat on Friday afternoon. They had a storm since they broke down, which was rather anxious work—the passengers no doubt disliked it exceedingly—the victuals at any rate just lasted them out. Mrs. Jameson had made daily pilgrimages to the wharf also last week, in a much more anxious state of mind than I was.

The European steamers due are late—the *Canada* is to bring word of the *Australasian's* arrival, and a note from C. at Queenstown I hope. We shall have four mails in this week, all in two or three days very likely; it is ten days since our last.

I was glad to hear of the arrival of Tom's things and that you had written a note to Mr. Hopper. I suppose you will have heard by now of the arrival of the parcel we sent the last week I was at home. I think Tom would have approved of our going on with the business here as we are doing, and if Charley is content with Liverpool, and Emily with her small household, I am sure it is right.

I was out two evenings again last week, having received through friend Fergusson from the Hobsons, his parents-in-law, an invitation to a small party on Friday at 8, and from Mrs. Archibald to meet a few "friends" on Wednesday. This was a talk, slight music, and small supper affair, and

was pleasant in its way. The Benjamin Butlers and Gordons were there—altogether not many, though overwhelmed-with-his-own-importance-Queen's-messenger (of whom we make fun at the Brevoort, and who had that day appeared in full fig of white tie etc. at dinner, whose destination I thereupon at once settled) among them.

We got up a little cards in the small back room of the series, and Mrs. Gordon and I beat two others effectually at Euchre, while another four did a little whist. The Consul showed me the silver cup got for the Prince of Wales to drink out of, and kept now since that event never more to be drunk from. I wonder in these cases whether the man servant can be depended on not to privately break the spell for his own unmannerly satisfaction.

Your affectionate brother,
ALFRED BOOTH.

New York: Sunday, 7th February 1864.

DEAR ANNA,—I have not written to you since I have heard of your change of prospects. It, of course, interests me very much, and although coming sooner than you had looked for, I hope the thought of it will be none the less pleasant. Change is a great pleasure. I had fancied Philip might have some intention of transferring himself to Alfred's business, and it is certainly best to be where one's interest chiefly is. I feel sure of one thing—that in Lamport and Holt's business he will be much missed, perhaps more than they think. Things do not surprise one so much now, as a little while ago this move of yours would have seemed a little surprising, but for your telling one that your ideas were not upon business for many years longer. And then I thought the country life scheme sounded a very happy one. I am certain you will both enjoy a break and a wandering. You will have some new things to think about and take an interest in, and it is a capital thing. Perhaps you will come and see me! I should have written before but for being

very fully occupied last week. The Supreme Court gave out the Decree on Monday dissolving the old concern (it was given at once on the evidence being completed), and then there were at once a good many things to be done. W. and B. had expired, and the new firm was thereupon in existence almost before it knew it, and the winding-up being under supervision of the Court we have to mind what we are about to keep the accounts clear. There was also more financing this week than usual, and the steamer to despatch on Friday, with some little anxiety about getting the engines fitted in time. On Friday I was aboard till near 9 o'clock and we only just got her away yesterday, and then too late, I am afraid, for her to go below Staten Island. The new piston worked away very nicely at the first try. It was neither my fault nor the engine-makers' that she was not ready in good time yesterday, but our own engineer's, who is stupid and unfit, and was behindhand without excuse, in my opinion.

I shall be very much interested to hear what your plans for this year form themselves into. If you feel like me a cowardly desire to fly from old hopeless things and questions, and seek some different sphere, come over here and try how a new country feels without the ghastly gin-palaces, squalor and degradation and drinking women of the land of the blessed, which, to judge by English self-satisfied talk and print, are supposed to be of an approved stable order of things—unless they are supposed not to exist. At any rate it is pleasant and a relief to get into a *new* order of things, bad and good.

I have had a very pleasant Sunday, partly with a view to possible English letters at the post-office, and partly an undecided idea that I might go to call on the Lulings at Staten Island—to make their acquaintance. I went down to Trinity Church and enjoyed the service there as usual. How is Santley and his psalmists at the dear old Chapel? I found the *Arabia's* letters at the post-office—so I brought them up. The mail is always a little excitement and pleasure, and I had

before about decided to leave the Lulings for another day, and after reading part of C.'s on the way up in a University Place bar had the pleasantest tea-lunch over them. Hearing of Mr. Hopper being with you, and reading Mr. Gribble's letter carried me back to Constantinople ; and I like recalling that—seeing Mr. Hopper would help to carry you there. I am so glad he came ; I am sure you will have done all you could to make it pleasant to him. He is a very genuine man. I had Emily's and Charley's letters, but not yours, so as Emily mentions your writing I have the pleasure of expecting that to-morrow morning.

Your affectionate brother,
ALFRED BOOTH.

New York: 27th September 1864.

MY GOOD ANNA,—I wish I could hear of you plucking up stronger and getting into a more robust state of health than you have been blessed with lately. I think you have let yourself down too much, and now it is difficult to pick up again. I don't know what I should prescribe for you, as the remedies I believe in are decidedly general ones, namely fresh air and exercise, early hours, plain food, and an approximation to teetotal principles, having an opinion that milk and cream are very good and "sperrits" very bad ! Why not try porridge and lots of milk for breakfast, and a bountiful modicum of cream in your tea—but what nonsense of me to be turning doctor. But you must find it so tiresome to be not as strong as you want and ought to be, and we should all be so delighted to have you in a more *robustious* state. I think change of climate is a good sort of thing for giving one a fresh start, with the different ways that come with it. What are the ideas at present about the South American voyage ? Are you still thinking of it for next spring ? I suppose you are almost as bad a sailor as I am, but that you always expect to get it over in half a week. And then would not sea air be the right sort of thing ? They are just starting

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mail steamers between Rio and this country, so you could make a round this way, and get here without going through the horrid westward passage in the North Atlantic. Then you and Philip might stay here a month or two and do the business while I paid a visit home, if it seemed time for such a thing. There's a scheme for you ! I got your last letter from Orrest Head—I think I should like that Wordsworth book, and I hope you will send it me. I should like to have some photographs too. I have father, mother, Tom, and Emily, and a little ferrotype only of Charley. I should like you and Philip, and it would be nice to have the Aunts, and anybody else who would be kind enough to send.

You have had the same hot first half of September that we had. It is very curious how the same kind of weather extends into such different and separate regions. Such heat in September was not remembered. I find the secret for hot weather is to have one's *coat* very light. It is the garment that tells. I have found the change from a moderately light one to a decidedly light one make the difference between being overcome with heat, and going through the day's work with perfect ease.

My driving days are brought to a close by the return this week of Mr. Ferrero, and now the hot weather is over and the shorter evenings come I should not care for it much more. By-the-bye, don't you like riding ? I have immense faith in horseback ; it might be good for you, don't you think so ? Nothing gives such a feeling of exhilaration and exercise, and there is no fatigue about it, except getting a little sore sometimes ! We had our " opening day " last week in bonnets and hats downstairs, which was highly successful. If you want any ideas about latest Paris fashion I have good opportunities, but the new bonnet is decidedly ugly !

Good-bye, my dear A., from

Your brother,

ALFRED BOOTH.

New York : Sunday, 12th March 1865.

DEAR ANNA,—I believe two from you have come since I wrote—one at any rate is the last arrival from home.

This is such a morning, clear as a bell and a sharp frost—no doubt one of the last ; this weather here is splendid. I am not at church this morning, but I took a run out after breakfast as far as Union Square (Miss Seton's, where I had left my stick on the procession day) and the keen west wind and bright sun, doing his best to be felt a little, put one into a most pleasant glow. These bright bracing days here are almost indescribable I assure you—so pure and clear that even the town cannot stand much in the way of it. The west wind from across the Continent does it, and has a taste and feel about it which we do not exactly get in England. It is an excellent climate I think for strong people, and these Americans might be a fine race if they did not live on "Candy," iced water, and mixed drinks. Nine people out of ten do not seem to have any idea what is good to eat, drink and avoid, or when and how to eat, drink and avoid it.

Last Sunday was very fine too, but another sort—spring-like, which induced me to take myself to Staten Island to call at Mrs. Heye's. I went in search of a dinner, taking the twelve o'clock boat after service at Trinity Church. Their house is about two miles, fully, from the landing, in a pretty part of the island, giving a good view of all the lower bay to Sandy Hook Lighthouse, and in this respect they have been greatly improving the place during the winter by cutting down trees and opening out the view which was too much shut in. Ringing at the door, I heard the plaintive strains of a fiddle, which seemed to be accompanying a lively tune on the piano, and being admitted I found Mr. and Mrs. H. and a little German hard at work upon a piece, two at the piano and Mr. Heye scraping away most successfully with his bow. I begged them to go on and became the audience. So going from one friend's house to another we find the great Sunday question in such different dress.

Mr. Heye has taken up his violin this winter after fifteen years. They seem to like being settled at Staten Island very much, preferring it to town in the winter too. They have two or three houses of intimate friends close at hand, and there is the amusement of digging and cutting down, and altering lawns and stables, and draining and filling up mosquito ponds, and all the rest of the improvements an original mind suggests, and, if it has money at command, immediately sets to work to carry out, on a country place that has been left to itself. We had a two o'clock dinner and I walked down to the six o'clock boat.

You will perhaps have heard how a general turn-out and celebration took place here last Monday, in honour of the late Union successes over the Rebellion. It took the shape of a great procession—the day was very fine. A great show of flags and decorations was made, and everybody without exception (for there were throngs of babies and children) seemed to be out in the streets. The best part of the procession was the City regiments which made a strong show, and the firemen whom I did not see, and it was altogether some four or five miles long. The crowd of people lining and filling the streets was quite a sight, and they seemed a very orderly throng. In the evening there was a great letting-off of fireworks in Union Square, and some houses were illuminated. Some of the fireworks were of the most elaborate kind. One representing a combat between some ships and a fort was on a very large scale, and very successful; but whether it represented the fight between the *Merrimac* and *Monitor* or the attack on Fort Fisher, or what, I could not quite make out. On the whole it seemed to be a pretty good day of rejoicing—and I don't know that you can help people rejoicing, though it is over victories in a civil war—and not the way it may perhaps be said to conciliate a worsted foe. But they will not be easy to conciliate anyhow, I am afraid.

I went to a ball the Monday before at the Academy of Music. A charity called the child's nursery was what the

money went to, and it seems almost the only public ball patronised by New York Society ; so I thought I would go to observe men and manners. There was good music, only the bands were too high up, being put in the second tier (and music you know does not come down), and a great assemblage of people, 4,000 about. The boxes were filled with people who came to look on or who went up to do so between whiles, as the floor and dancing were crowded enough ; and the balcony circle was full of sitters too, and the floor was very large, extending to the back of the stage. I came to the conclusion that there was a plentiful lack of beauty (the young women disfigure themselves very much now, I think, in the present modes of fixing the hair) ; the quieter lot in the boxes however had, I thought, decidedly the better in looks of the dancing throng below. Of course there were some odd figures, but the dancing was orderly and good for such a crowd. Seeing hardly anybody I knew I did not get any particular amusement, and after taking three or four dances at intervals came away rather hungry. Public balls are a "sell" unless you have a good party of friends.

I suppose you have hardly made any plans for the summer yet. What do you think of doing ? I have not heard when Alfred Holt is going to be married, or where he is going to live.

I must have a try at Lord Derby's Homer some day, which you speak of ; I think Pope's Homer has been a public nuisance. He did all man could do, as well as I can make out, to spoil the natural beauty and simplicity of the original. It was not therefore likely that non-Greekists should find anything very charming in it. Cowper made a translation I think, but it does not seem to have any fame ; and we are much obliged to Edward Earl of Derby if he has done his work faithfully and poetically into strong English.

With love to Philip,

Your affectionate brother,

ALFRED BOOTH.

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P.S.—I have said nothing about the war, but all the movements are getting to be very interesting now, as they are all connected and are evidently leading to a real result. The confederacy has reached its crisis, and I do not see how they are to be saved.

New York: 3rd April 1865.

DEAR ANNA,—This has been a great day, one of the days that will be remembered, and as I finished my letter to Emily yesterday I will write you a line on the occasion. The great news came at eleven o'clock this morning and I don't think anybody has done much since. It came very quickly—for Richmond was only entered at a quarter past eight this morning; and our news about other things which we are very anxious to know about is very meagre. They are too busy I suppose to send long despatches. It is clear I think that it is only a comparatively small force that is at Richmond to-day, and none of the swells among the generals. They are all hard upon the work of blocking Lee's retreat if it can be done. An impromptu meeting at once got together in Wall Street in front of the Custom House, and the street was completely blocked up from half-past eleven to three,—speeches and rousing cheers and an interspersion of patriotic songs. At an early period the Old Hundredth was called for, and the crowd sang "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and then they would have "The Star Spangled Banner," which is an effective tune and the best national air they have, the burden being

The Star Spangled Banner
Triumphant shall wave,
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave.

Then the "Glory, hallelujah, as we go marching on" of the old John Brown song would break out, and jokes about what is the price of Confederate Bonds, and keeping off the grass which, according to Davis, was to grow in Wall Street.

As soon as one had done speaking there seemed always another ready to take his place, and one or two despatches were received and read, the greatest cheering being for Grant, on the statement (unofficial) from Washington that he had prepared for this present move of the rebel army, and that Lee will find his retreat cut off in every direction.

Trinity spire at the head of the street rang its gentle chimes (they don't know anything about pealing bells in our effective style), and everybody who had a flag put it out to-day. All the principal streets, and all the quiet ones too for that matter, were alive with the stars and stripes.

It is the great event of the war, and it has been waited for so long, and it seems to be bringing the end so near. There were rumours of course through the day that Lee was captured. I don't know that it is too much to hope that he will find himself cornered and have to surrender. And at any rate I think Grant has finally separated him and Johnstone, so that they can be dealt with in detail. I can't help thinking Lee has put off an evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond too long. Sherman is certain now to be pressing on, while Thomas is coming through and taking possession of the mountain passes from East Tennessee into South-Western Virginia confronting Lee, if he gets as far, on that side. Hancock meanwhile holds the Shenandoah Valley, and Sheridan takes the lead of the chase after Lee under Grant. It is just as well there is till Wednesday when the steamer sails, for you will get the news in more complete shape than we have it this evening. People are a little curious about Mr. Jeff Davis's whereabouts; he is no doubt at Lynchburg, which is probably Lee's point now, being I understand a naturally strong position. And we don't know yet what the losses have been in the engagements of Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Mr. Lincoln stays down upon the scene, and the last despatch mentions that he has gone to the front. Whether that means that he has gone to the following-up of Lee, or to Richmond, I don't know.

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I consider the Confederate Government now upset, and if that is so we shall soon see what course things will take in the various Southern States.

Your affectionate brother,

ALFRED BOOTH.

New York: Friday, 21st April 1865.

DEAR ANNA,—Such a twelve days as these last I suppose the nation will hardly pass through again. On Monday morning of last week came the immense news of Lee's surrender, and nobody knew how sufficiently to express their rejoicing. Days of thanksgiving were being fixed, and preparations were beginning for illuminations such as had never been seen before, for the real end of the war was come. On Thursday night the war department issued the order that all recruiting and drafts impending were to be immediately stopped; which caused on Friday morning a further glow of satisfaction—such a tangible proof of war and its sorrow being at last brought to a period came home to every one—and there seemed nothing thought of but congratulations and thankfulness. That very night the President was assassinated, and I think nobody who has seen it will forget the next morning. And now that a week since then has gone by, I think there are few but have had their opinion of the country raised by the attitude of the people through it. That they are going to come out of all this very strong I am convinced, and the Republic is going to be what it never could be while slavery and all its hateful belongings and consequences existed. Free institutions over the world will gain a great impetus from the grand results of this war, for with signal success they have come through the greatest trials. The very events which unbelievers in Republican liberty were pointing out three years ago, in their superior wisdom, as the proof of its weakness and failure are bringing out such proofs of strength and stability that they may well be confounded. I was reading just now a paper of Goldwin

Smith's in this month's *Macmillan* on the prospect of war with America—one of his admirable articles—in which he refers to the constantly expressed consciousness among the people here of the hand of God working out his great ends through this fearful war. And so it is ; and it thus becomes to them a sacred cause, in which they seem only to follow, until the great purposes are fulfilled. And this feeling Mr. Lincoln evidently had all through, and I think it was this perfect assurance that a higher power was bringing about the triumph of the right and the truth at the proper time, which gave him such confidence in his own course all through the darkest times. There was a very good and discriminating article in the *Spectator* 1st inst., on Mr. Lincoln, which shows I think a real understanding of the man.

That singular and striking inaugural message of his on the 14th March, expressed as simply as could be the way of his thoughts. He was a thorough American—the entirely peculiar production of this country to be found nowhere else—completely one of the people, and one who they found so well expressed their prevailing and best ideas, that he gained both their confidence and affection to a marked degree ; and so the news of his death and the manner of it, when it came, called forth the intense feeling we have seen, and they put it down rightly, I think, as the last fruits of the spirit of slavery, the most brutalising of all things, the same that made possible in these days the Fort Pillow massacre, and the cold-blooded starving and rotting of the tens of thousands of prisoners of war in those horrible prison pens of the South.

How strange it is to see by what fearful experiences a whole people has been brought to see what slavery really is ! In the next ten years I have not the least doubt that the mass of the Southern population also will see and admit what they have escaped from.

The appearance of this city this week has been very impressive—the signs of mourning are simply universal—

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everywhere, go where you will,—side streets or remote parts of the town—it is difficult to find a house that has not put out some token of mourning, and many of them are of a very tasteful and expressive kind. Sundry appropriate quotations are made use of, of which I must give you some some day; over Wallach's Theatre they have the lines taken from Macbeth's soliloquy, "He hath borne his faculties so meek" &c. The theatres all remain closed still, simply by their own doing and the force of public feeling, and I do not think they will open for some days yet. Then for some of the others I think of, "His life was gentle, and the elements so mix'd in him, That Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man!'" "Only the actions of the just smell sweet and blossom in the dust." And in more than one place the words from his last Inaugural, "With malice towards none, with charity for all"; "Heaven but tries our virtues by affliction, that oft the cloud which wraps the present hour serves but to brighten all our future days." "Abraham Lincoln, he is not dead but lives in every loyal heart."

There is frequently just the monogram "A.L." encircled by a chaplet or other simple device as the centre-piece of the black and white draping, and short sentences below such as "Our chief has fallen," "Gone but not forgotten."

The remains are being brought this way on the journey to Illinois, and will lie in state here for one day.

I wish the assassin had been called by any other name than ours; it will be associated with this for all time; one sees it in every direction now, and everyone one speaks to notices it and commiserates.

Your affectionate brother,
ALFRED BOOTH.

New York: 6th June 1865.

DEAR ANNA,—I have had more than one of your welcome letters since I wrote, and this morning comes one from Buxton. It is odd that you and Emily should both be Derbyshire

way at the same time on separate errands. The country there must look pretty in this early summer time. E. seems to be making quite a stay. I was rather sorry she missed the going abroad this spring. However all in good time I suppose—though she is long behind everybody else.

Though the war is over and we have, as we may be thankful, got to the end of the bloodshed and horrors, still current events are engrossing and interesting enough for anybody who cares to think about them and how the future is to go. I called on Mr. Channing at Washington. He of course goes in for the immediate suffrage to the Blacks in the South, the coloured soldiers having won it not only for themselves but for all their race; and in the way of people who take extreme views thinks it a dastardly injustice to look at the question in any other way. He may be right, but it seems to me justice to the country is the first thing and giving the suffrage to a mass of utterly uneducated people, whatever their natural instinct may fairly be thought, incompatible with wise patriotism. The President seems to favour leaving the question in the hands of the States, which means the loyal citizens of the States. Some favour the Blacks voting from the fear that Southerners, after taking the oath of allegiance, will manage to vote in such a way as to hinder and thwart all the plans of the Government and Free States for reconstruction on the basis of free labour. The abolition of Slavery is the absolute *sine quâ non*, and no power must be given yet to the South to stand in the way of the national will in this. The North wants the Southern States to get back into proper working order again as soon as possible, but great care is required in letting them begin again before all is made perfectly secure on the fundamental question.

What a wonderful effect the death of the President had everywhere. I liked *Punch's* little verses. They certainly made the amende most candidly. I received that *Punch* from home and was glad to have it.

You will have some excitement this summer about the

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general election. What wonderful events this Parliament has sat through, and I don't think it has been a creditable or brilliant one. I think it is certain that ideas of free Government in Europe will have received a stimulus from the course of affairs here.

We have had three hot days—Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Thursday was the national fast day and I spent it at Winsted, going there on Wednesday afternoon, and got sunburnt again on their lake in the morning, almost before my Washington colour had worn off. And on Saturday evening I went to Cragdon and stayed over Sunday, which I chiefly spent on their broad piazza, full of roses and bumblebees, over a volume by Madame de Staël on the French Revolution—very hot and lazy.⁵ I tried down in the woods, but those pests of this country, the mosquitoes, drove me up again. I meant to have written more of a letter, but was prevented yesterday evening, and I have not much time now.

Your brother,

A. B.

New York : 12th July 1865.

DEAR ANNA,—Many thanks for your last letter written while Charley and Emily were away. You will be pretty full of the elections—our own Liverpool one in particular. How soon will it be brought to a point? It seems to me a mistake not to put up two men. I don't think to shew that sort of half-heartedness is the way to win. And I don't understand the policy of it, for the Tories are sure all, practically, to vote for their own two men, while on our side it will be very difficult to prevent a lot from indulging in the satisfaction of exercising their right to vote for two candidates. Go in for two Liberals, would be my advice by all means if anybody wanted it. There are several of the elections that will be interesting—John Stuart Mill, Mr. Gladstone at Oxford University. I hope a lot of young men will get in—I don't altogether believe in old parties of experience.

It seems intended that Lord Palmerston shall stay in power as long as he likes to, or can—which is just as well if the alternative is Lord Derby, especially in the matter of American relations. I wonder whether Charley can raise a vote. How absurd the law that keeps such votes out! I am glad you are having such a fine summer, so far, after such a spring. It would be pleasant if we could think that English summers are going to turn over a new leaf. We had a good holiday last week—the 4th of July (Independence Day) coming on Tuesday, Monday got drawn in and though not an authorised holiday, it was evident so few people would be down that there was no occasion to have the office open, so we left it alone. My two retainers went up the river to West Point amongst a great crowd, for thousands and thousands of people live in the summer at various points on the Hudson for 60 miles up, coming into town—the business part of the family—every day, or going out twice a week if at long distance; and besides these, on every holiday there are hundreds of dwellers in the city who go that way for the day or two. So on Saturday the trains and boats leaving town were tremendous. The boats are so spacious and commodious that people in your longitude have little notion of them: 1000 and 1500 and more are carried without inconvenient crowding, and they are so well arranged for wet or fine or the hottest sun, and withal you go your 50 miles in little more than two hours and a half.

I went out on Sunday morning by the early train, one of the only Sunday trains, to Mount Vernon, the station for Cragdon, and walked over to the old church at Eastchester. There is a nice old graveyard there bordering on the salt meadows, and well grown up with plants and trees, where there are plenty of dates of the revolutionary time and before, and the respectable old families of the neighbourhood have had their graves for a hundred years, which is quite old for here. It was a fine hot morning and I got there half an hour before church time, so I had to fill up my time amongst

the inscriptions and long grass, which was just about making the churchyard partly a hayfield too. So I got up to Cragdon to dinner, and stayed there till Wednesday morning, having a regular good rusticating—doing nothing very particular—all hot days—down on the creek sometimes with the boat and a bathe in the good salt water. They say there are sharks sometimes, but I believe they would only take a part of you. We saw their large boat down on one of the islands—it had not been out this year yet—it looks a beauty and I shall go a good sail in it some day. We were a tolerably large party as there were two boys staying there whose father, a colonel, was killed in the war, and a young lady from town of a pretty good sort, named Wardell. That is a *Pickwick* name, is it not ?

With best love,

I am your affectionate brother,

ALFRED BOOTH.

New York : 4th September 1865.

DEAR ANNA,—Your last with many happy returns of my 3rd was very welcome. That was written from Orrest Head, and I had one from Emily at Grasmere, at the same time. My birthday came on Sunday, so I was able to celebrate it at any rate by abstaining from work, otherwise in rather solitary fashion ; but I can enjoy myself by myself—whether that is right or wrong.

I thought I would offer myself for the day at Rockaway, but Mr. Lord was not in town on Saturday, so that was given up, and having nothing special to suit at any friends I took myself by an evening train to Irvington, where there is the pleasant river and hills and woods. There is a small inn there by the river which just did to house in. It was decidedly hot—we have had an odd little spell of hot weather these four days of September—and all Sunday there was really hardly a leaf stirring. I began with a bathe ; but the Hudson is not all that can be desired—a kind of half-and-

half salt and fresh, and not so nice on near acquaintance as it looks when sailing over it. Then after breakfast, I set off up the hill to spend the day among the fields and trees. It is very pleasant in a shady spot with a good view and sweet air, to lie down for an hour or two with a book by way of companion, and look and read and think in a quiet lazy way. I had a volume of Brighton Robertson whom I had not had for some time. I *believe* I had a doze at one time and I know I got sunburnt. I think of those lines that I like—

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither.

The last part was appropriate too ! For I came upon a patch of *beets*, took one for my lunch and was pleased with what I got ! So I read a little and did nothing a little, and drew a little, for I had my sketch book too ; and then got down by the lanes to the one which leads down to Washington Irving's house—a most beautiful spot. This recalled another such Sunday evening last year and a pleasant walk I had this same way with Miss Laird. Sunnyside is an old Dutch house with an original date of 1656, with a tiled roof, and surrounded by trees and lawn and walks, just above the river—a delightful quiet spot for an author and his books and his writings. A stroll after tea along the river—the warmest stillest night and brightest moonlight—disturbed only by one rushing train along the railroad and the pat of

the paddles of the big night boat to Troy—brought my celebration to an end; and if any of you drank my health at Sunday dinner, I am much obliged, and now return thanks as best I can. You tell me Alfred Holt's wedding comes on the 20th. I hope they will have fine skies and all auspicious. Where will they live?

This cattle plague the evening papers are so full of now is a disagreeable thing. Perhaps it will prove a strong advocate of my vegetarian theory. Everybody being brought up from their babyhood on the flesh of beasts, there is hardly a chance; for how to change the system of a lifetime. Then there is the cholera—the theory that it will not extend beyond the shores of the Mediterranean is a cheerful one. If incorrect I am afraid it will very soon be proved so.

Our epidemic here is one of railway accidents, and it is quite a leading topic; and the papers print statistics and lists that look alarming. There is great carelessness and a want of discipline, which is an American failing.

With best love,

Your affectionate brother,

ALFRED BOOTH.

The Cottage, Cragdon: Sunday, 4th November 1866.

DEAR ANNA,—I was very glad of your letter of the 12th, and Emily has since told me how they are settling down quietly again at the cottage.

This is our first Sunday here by ourselves. The family went to town last week, and the house looks solitary and shut up. The dogs do not know what to make of it, and are a large accession to our small party; we have five of them to-day, four in the room now in various attitudes round the fire and under the table, and one on the mat outside, but the smallest of them we are to take down to-morrow morning, as the Setons want to keep him in town if they can. So all our goings about to-day have been accompanied by the canine tribe, and as they find nobody comes back at the

big house, they are beginning to make the best of it. They are of course a protection at night, and we have also a savage-looking revolver of Seton's, and a sword. I am fond of animals, and I take a good deal of interest in my horse. The boy needs a great deal of looking after, and I should like attending to her altogether myself, as the only way of having all done to my mind. I generally turn out directly on getting up, between six and half-past, to get things started at the stable ; and besides, a little knocking about there after we come back in the evening. It makes so much difference in an animal's condition and spirit if it is attended to with judgment and regularity. We are going to stay out through the winter, and I am glad to have fixed it so. I am not afraid of the cold ; the railway is rather tiresome, but answers for reading the paper in the morning ; and is not bad for bringing your work at the office to a sudden point of shut-up-and-go, in the evening. This I consider gains me some time which would otherwise be dawdled. And on the general question of loss of time I lose nothing. We have tea done here by half-past seven, and that was as soon as I used to be back at my room in town from dinner, while in freshness afterwards there is no comparison. I am at the office in the morning at about the same time, for the difference is in the getting up, and I think the practice of early rising is excellent. Then we have here two horses, for the Setons leave Dandy here and will be very glad to have him used ; two or three wagons ; rooms that one can be happy in, and good plain food to eat like home, instead of your wretched restaurant and hotel style. I hate having to order what I will take every day, and enjoy finding the table prepared and the feast spread without bidding. There is a great ear of Indian corn lying on the table which I got from a load of cobs this afternoon to admire the size and symmetry. The Indian corn on this farm was very fine this year ; this ear has about 480 grains. The ear is wrapped up so snugly in its sheath, layer upon layer, and looks so rich and yellow when you get to it.

We have had a mild and sunny Sunday, the Indian summer sort of thing, and I am never tired of admiring the woods. Now the principal colour is getting to be the grey blue of the branches, with dashes and sprinklings on every side and above of russets, yellows, and reds wherever the leaves hold on, the beeches and oaks I think mainly, while the ground is a delicious rich brown rustling carpet, except where the bold green-grey rocks strike up, or where the grassy paths in the more open glades are clear of the fallen leaves. We had a very pleasant last evening at the big house on Wednesday, and it was then fixed that the piano, which was not to be taken to town, should be brought to the cottage. Tom Jevons came out as a performer that evening, and got through some duet music very creditably, to the general surprise, so he will be able to use the instrument, and it will not be bad to practise on an Erard Grand. Miss Nelly has sent over what Beethoven music she has, and I hope he will be able to bring it out. Did you ever read a book called "Charles Auchester," a story of music with Mendelssohn under another name for the hero?—a book of strong adjectives and enthusiasm but very readable in the main and novel and peculiar. It was lent me and I took it for railway reading. There is an early party at the Delafields' to-morrow to which I believe I must go, and sleep in town. I shall kill two birds if I can go and call somewhere first.

Your brother,

ALFRED BOOTH.

The Cottage, Cragdon : Monday, 10th December 1866.

MY DEAR ANNA,—It seems some time since I have had a note from you, though I have little doubt it is not so long ago as my last to you. I heard of your going to Penmaen-mawr for a late-in-the-year visit and, nothing since. I hope you keep feeling well. That was just after Miss Lydia Butler's visit to Emily and Charley, and I should like to know how you liked her. She seemed to think I had never

mentioned you (but there she is wrong) and wanted to know why, having such nice people at home, I did not talk more about them. Now that she knows you it will be more in the order of things. It was very pleasant having such fresh full news from home as she, coming straight from them, could give, and I am sure she enjoyed the week. I have been at the Lords two evenings to hear all about it and her travels—not much of the latter however yet—and she promises to produce her journal next time.

I also got her to come to a concert consisting mainly of the great 9th Beethoven Symphony (Choral) which we were going to. Evening amusements I shall not trouble much this winter, though they are not impracticable, for our railway has just put on a late train every Thursday evening at half-past eleven from town, and the other company, which lands us three and a quarter miles off, has a train at the same time on Wednesday evenings. This is very convenient, and on this next Wednesday we have made a party to the Opera of the Setons. It is the "Barber of Seville" with Ronconi and Miss Kellogg &c. and will be good. While the Opera House, which was burnt down early in the spring, is being rebuilt, they have to hold the Opera in one of the theatres which is far too small for it. We have been having wonderfully mild weather with hardly a break so far, and no snow at all,—a good hard frost came last night, and it was a sparkling bright morning, and aching cold fingers driving over to the train. I have got a splendid pair of buckskin gauntlets to-day from one of my dear glove manufacturing friends, which go right over my coat cuffs, and will do all that gloves can. I have also bought a water-boiling arrangement with kerosene lamp (that is what we burn here and it is a very nice light, whiter than gas and much better in my opinion) with which to heat a can on getting up to take the cold out of the washing, as I would rather not trouble them so early downstairs when it is hardly yet light,

and the breakfast is demanding attention. Did you hear about our undertaking photographing? I shall very soon have something to send, for we have already produced two negatives which are pronounced right and good and are to be printed to-morrow. This is very encouraging, and it is a very interesting thing. I feel sure now that we can succeed, and the plan is to make a book of all the prettiest spots on the place for the Setons. We got at the right result at the third bout, but we have had the advantage of the man in town where we get all the things giving very kind explanations, which have enabled us to correct mistakes very quickly. I believe Tom Jevons has not mentioned it to his people at home, wishing to surprise them with it, so we will say nothing yet to Harry Roscoe for instance. We have had the best negative of a view of the house—on which we practised a good deal—printed, and it is now displayed on the table, but it is very black, and is only a lesson. We know exactly what is the matter with it however, and are very much elated at the result of the last made, which we shall get the prints of in a day or two. I was very glad Charlie subscribed for me to the Eyre prosecution. I am strong for that. This incident of Lieut. Brand, and his letter to Mr. Buxton, is very much to the point. We have news of the expected Fenian outbreak every day by telegraph. I think England must be satisfied soon for the kettle of fish she has made in Ireland.

Your affectionate brother,
ALFRED BOOTH.

New York: Thursday, 7th February 1867.

DEAR ANNA,—I am going to write you a note just before I leave the office to go up town. These quiet times are rather convenient just now, and it is nearly 4 o'clock. I am going to call and tell my friend Mrs. Busk. There are very few I care about telling myself. I went to the Setons yesterday afternoon, and thought if I found a number of

them all together, as usual, I should have to come right out with it when I went in, or I should probably come out without managing to bring it in at all. I found however Miss Lizzie by herself, which was just as I should have liked it, as she is my old friend in the family. I found some of the others downstairs as I was going out, but left her to tell them. Yesterday evening we had the family—brothers and sisters and nephews—our Verlobungs Gesellschaft, as Lydia calls it in a note this morning—at Mrs. Lord's, and it went very well. Sister Lizzie from Philadelphia did not come, but sent Lydia a bouquet, which they tried to tease me about when I went in as having just been sent by a former lover. So I thought I would write a note to Mrs. Kirkbride to-day, and if Lydia goes to see her before long I think I shall take her over and pay a call. Mrs. Lord is going to Philadelphia on Friday and will stay over Sunday, so I am to be in town on Sunday and go to a Presbyterian Church.

On Tuesday we had a pleasant little dinner with the Ben Butlers, leaving early, as I was going to the 8.30 train and he was going to some meeting connected with Church or School things. This eve we shall have to ourselves, except that we are going to see Mrs. Lord (the senior), where also is Miss Lord who is a great ally. I meant to have gone out by the late train as it is late train night, but I have just heard that it is withdrawn owing to want of support, which is a pity just when it would have been convenient. Lizzie Seton told me there is a little room at the top of the house they are staying at which is not occupied, and if I can get that to use when I want it, I shall do very well; and she says it is very small, so it must be tolerably cheap. I had been making some enquiries yesterday morning, but I shall wait now till I know about this to-morrow.

We have been engaged a week to-day and it is very charming to see how happy Lydia looks. The nephews made some fun of her last night. There are four Crosby

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boys besides the one who was killed at Chancellorville, and the two Lords.

Your affectionate brother,
ALFRED BOOTH.

I don't know whether anybody ever received such love letters as I do ! but I don't think so !!

Vermont : 26th October 1867.

DEAR ANNA,—I daresay you will have heard something through Tom Fletcher of how the event of Thursday passed off, but Lydia is writing some notes, and I think I will send you a first married letter to tell you a little more about it myself.

We have got to Brattleboro', Vermont, where we are going to spend to-morrow, Sunday. We have not quarrelled yet. Lydia considers the wedding to have been a very good one. She enjoyed it, and I did not object to it very much. And all since has seemed uncommonly natural, and we try to behave on our travels like a matter-of-fact couple of some standing. Two old portmanteaus and other old properties help in this way. But I ought to narrate all about Thursday first. It was the most glorious October day a person acquainted with the American Fall can imagine—cloudless from sunrise to sunset. A good white frost in the morning before breakfast, when I took a kind of parting run round the old Cragdon Woods, with the sun just up colouring all the upper works of the trees above me. The evening before, we went in (in the intervals of some packing and arranging and business talk) for half an hour to bid good-bye to the Setons. They have taken so much interest in all about it—and they were everyone, except the old gentleman, going down in the morning to be at the church. So in the 8 o'clock train we went down four or five—Miss Lizzie and Miss Nelly—Isabel being in town—and Will and Miss Emily going by the 9 o'clock train. So my American family gave me good support for the occasion, and it was really very

pleasant. We arranged at the church that I should have a pew kept in front for them where the Butler &c. family were to be. And in due time after I had been round to 19th Street, half-past eleven brought Willy Crosby and a carriage, which was to carry us from the hotel where we stopped to get ready, to join the cavalcade, for all went together, from 19th Street to the church. There were plants and flowers about the pulpit, and the organ was played, and we were married in an astonishingly short space of time. The Presbyterian service is simple enough, but I think when obliged to be married away from my own I would rather have the episcopal form. We were told afterwards that we behaved well, and we got through the ring without a hitch. I did not feel much alarmed, but I did not succeed in seeing who was in the church. I think Mrs. Lord, with whom I walked in, was the more nervous of the two. The day before, Mrs. Charles Butler and the two girls arrived from Havre, just in time and no more. I was very glad they got here as they are a part of the family I like very much. The plan here is that after the marriage the two have to stand up at the end of a room at home, and receive the congratulations and handshakings of such as may be asked to come—for which they are doubtless very grateful. It was not so very bad in our case as, with a few exceptions, it was strictly the family and relations, but I consider it a hard custom to have to go through. I hope we looked very sweet, and gratified everybody!

This went on for an hour or two, with a going downstairs to a "spread," which being in the afternoon is not called a breakfast, and then we soon got away in a carriage to the railway station to go to Newhaven. I ought to have told you that while we were at the hotel in the morning W. Seton came up and gave me a ring, which I believe is from them all, which has pleased me very much. It has "Cragdon, 24th October 1867" engraved inside, and is a memento I shall value a good deal.

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I have had rather a bad cold all this week, which is a rare thing and rather inconvenient just now, and I had not a good voice by any means. That is better, but there is still a good deal of it in my head. Lydia, however, is admirable at anything of this kind (and of any other kind) and colds generally will have their way. From Newhaven we have come up the Connecticut valley so far, and we intend to be back on Tuesday evening, or thereabouts. The papers with the marriage notice caught us up to-day, so we feel as if we were published abroad ; but I doubt if everybody reads the deaths and marriages as systematically as my wife. We have practised talking about " my wife " and " my husband " several times to-day with great success.

Good-bye, dear Anna. The time is getting very short now for going home and seeing you all again.

Your affectionate brother,

A. B.

Bordighera : Sunday, 5th February 1888.

DEAREST WIFE,—Days are so full and so good and interesting that I don't know how to keep up with it at all. What we see and experience, and the humour of it, are so much added to by the society I am in, that I can at best give you no fair picture of it. You can let your imagination go. It is sometimes difficult—and yet it is not either—to remember that the man bursting with fun and laughter¹ by my side is the one to move and silence a great church full of people on Sundays at home. The good natural enjoyment of the unfettered change would please you to see. For the first time this morning we did not take our coffee together. He was determined to have the true holiday feeling on Sunday morning ! and did not get up till half-past nine to make a point of it. This we quite understood together yesterday evening. The usual arrangement gets us up soon after seven

¹ My father had for a companion on this little journey to Italy Rev. John Watson (Ian Maclaren).

so as to take coffee at eight—then the regular *déjeuner* when it comes, generally noon, and the regular dinner at six or half-past. Yesterday we had walked to San Remo and found a good deal to occupy and detain us, of which you will hear all about. I am in hopes Mr. Watson will write to you on a part of it, as indeed he threatened to do when we got back yesterday evening. He was immensely comic over certain incidents and I wish you might get a little of it. We were not fortunate enough to see the Crown Prince. I did not make any effort to do so, and as the breeze had risen a little in the afternoon it was questionable whether he would drive out. He does not see, in the way of receiving, anybody whatever—the Princess doing whatever is required in that way. It is a great magnet for the Germans, and there are many of them floating about here in the neighbourhood of their beloved Fritz. I suppose the papers on Friday or Saturday will have had telegraphed the good news from here of Thursday, which we heard from a private and doubtless perfectly reliable source, that Mackenzie declares on Virchow's last report of his last microscopic examination—which Mackenzie was waiting for and received on Thursday,—he can now say cancer is not present, and the disease is pericondritis (inflammation of the coating of the larynx). Mackenzie left on Friday entirely satisfied. Pericondritis may be fatal and much cannot yet confidently be promised for the future; but with such a man everything must now be hopefulness. I was amused to discover that the correspondent of the *Standard*, who has all along taken the hopeful line, is the Chemist and Apothecary, who in his position is well informed, and who has had the preparation of the remedies. I do not know whether I shall be able to tell to-day about our visit to the earthquake-stricken village of Buenasa—from San Remo—but it is an unforgettable thing. I am writing on Sunday and this eve we are going to a lecture!! George Macdonald, you will say—exactly so—at 8 o'clock at his house; so our evening will be much shortened, and it

is now near dinner-time. There was a small Presbyterian service this morning, and the father of the minister was one of Mr. Watson's father's chief clerks in the Inland Revenue Office at Edinburgh. He fully expected something of this kind, and after the *déjeuner* Mr. Kennedy accordingly came to go for a walk with us. I ultimately parted company, going further up and through the olive woods—most exquisite hills and views—and Mr. W. strolled back to the minister's quarters, and I have no doubt has been doing him some good. He came in a little after me, and after sitting here ten minutes went to light his fire &c. I received your letter of Tuesday thankfully on Friday evening, and Mr. W. had a post-card yesterday, and I suppose you did not write to Bordighera on Wednesday, and that I am to have my next at Florence. I am now writing after ten, after returning from George Macdonald's house, and after a talk over Mr. W.'s fire on what we heard there, and he is now writing here in my room. I cannot describe the occasion, but it was interesting in a very high degree, and Mr. Watson says it would probably give one a little idea of how Thos. Erskine of Linlathen appeared and spoke. Certainly Dr. Macdonald looked and spoke like a prophet—a very large picturesque room, and many people for a small place like this. Mr. Watson was unquestionably interested and we shall hear of it. The family was singing some sweet and solemn thing as we went in. It was in order, first an anthem, "Teach me thy Statutes," then the reading of a poem of Lowell's—a parable, called so at least by Macdonald, I don't know whether that is its proper title, then the reading and exposition of Luke xii., really very striking—and then an address on "Ye are my friends if ye do what I command you." It was original in thought and in style, and very impressive, and the thing altogether was unique. We are coming in for interesting things and this makes it all the more difficult to write to good purpose. We are to leave here at 8.40 to-morrow morning, and hope to be at Florence

at 7.30 p.m. We know nearly all about the Riviera! This place is really charming, and we have nothing but praise for this hotel—the people are all so nice and nothing could be improved. It has been quiet and restful ever since we set our feet here, and the plan has been a complete success.

I must stop as it is bedtime and we leave early. I ought not to close this without mentioning that we had an interview yesterday evening with Mr. Gladstone. Whereon I wish you a most loving good-night. Best love to my four girls, and all remembrances to Mlle. Call and to Mlle. Reese.

Your ever loving

ALFRED BOOTH.

Siena: 18th February 1888.

DEAREST WIFE,—We consider we have done quite all we expected to do at Florence. There is but little of the more important things that we have not taken in to some extent, going twice to the most-to-be-remembered of them. Fra Angelico Mr. Watson never tires of, and he will be giving him out, you may be sure, as he finds use for him. The Last Judgment in the Accademia is one of these things. There is much of Fra Angelico's work there which naturally we did not see at all five years ago, all of special interest and beauty. It is expression and feeling for the idea of the subject that Mr. Watson is always seeking, while he enjoys the other part of the Art too, but not exactly in the way of a connoisseur. Giotto and the early men he understands and reads well. Nothing gave him more pleasure than Giotto's Death of St. Francis—a fresco in Sta. Croce. Yesterday afternoon, the last thing in Florence, we went to a secularised monastery outside the city to see the Cenacola of And. del Sarto—very fine and interesting. These pictures of the Last Supper are always on the end wall of a refectory, and every great painter seems to have made a point of representing it. The John of Andrea del Sarto is perhaps the most beautiful

of any, while there is great force and character in the other men. Mr. Watson's remarks upon their characters, as we look at them with their eager faces before us, you can well imagine.

Judas, in his Cenacula here, is a different conception from Andrea del Sarto's, but they are both excellent, and not at all in the commonplace view. We could not venture into the middle of the town yesterday, for we should have been covered with lime and other ingredients from the merry-makers who were pouring in from all sides. Of course we have been reading the Friday and Saturday English papers on the Crown Prince and the operation. I hope and believe it is going to be right. It came on very soon after we were at San Remo—less than a week. I should act on Mackenzie's statement that there is no cancer. There seems to have been great anxiety in Germany; other news I have hardly looked at. I received a note from Charley this morning. He was glad I was going to Siena. I am here with my bag only, so have no choice of books. I have the Siena guide and Hare, and that is all until I return to Florence. Dinner was very good; the company numbered only four. Two of them proved English, though I thought them German at first, and one French or Italian; with two waiters the proceedings were not prolonged. This is evidently one of the most interesting towns in Italy, and I believe its medieval characteristics largely remain. And the Siennese school of painters can only be seen here. Sodoma, who is among the very first of all the painters, I imagine, has little elsewhere, and his work is in this neighbourhood. He is known at Florence by his St. Sebastian—certainly one of the most notable things there, and of astonishing expression and power. I have worn my cardigan almost without intermission both out and indoors, and Mr. Watson did the same; and ulsters have been the rule. With some churches and galleries so cold as they are, there is no other possible course. I will end this letter and take it down to go to the post. All your news

is very welcome. Anything that comes for me to-morrow will wait at the Hôtel Europe till Friday. We gave some time to buying and arranging photographs in the last two days. The frescoes generally come out but poorly, which is not surprising. I am very glad you seem to be going on so well at home. The Nice flowers seem all to have arrived in fresh condition—which however is an old story.

Good night, my beloved, with love to all the girls.

Your loving

A. B.

Florence : 19th February 1888.

DEAREST WIFE,—I am writing at eight o'clock after coming up from dinner. The afternoon has been rainy but not a downpour as now, and I could therefore see little. I went to San Spirito and two or three smaller churches on the other side of the Arno, and came in soon after four to light the fire and read, and write a post-card to Charley and a letter to Allie. I wrote to you yesterday evening and to Emily last night. It will be delightful if we can have the sunshine again for my last two days. There has been hardly any in the last week. I want to go up the Dome to-morrow, if fine. I should have walked up to San Miniato this afternoon for the view, which I have not done yet, if the weather had allowed. I have not been outside the town at all except to Fiesole, there is so much to keep one inside. I was in the Gallery of the Uffizi for an hour before lunch to-day. I had been sitting in the Cathedral for half an hour from half-past eleven, where there was preaching progressing in the nave, and a large concourse of people. The preacher had a reasonable and distinct style, contrary to the preacher in the Duomo at Siena both days, who had the most dramatic style I ever heard, and worked himself up into terrific shoutings and perspiration which would have alarmed one, if he had not looked like a very robust and unnervous specimen. I was chiefly looking at the Uffizi for things I had not seen and

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rooms where I had not been. I am sure you will have had a happy Sunday.

Monday.—I will finish this letter now before going out after lunch. The weather is better but not fine. The river rose last night higher than it has yet been: it has been in a flooded condition all last week, and the sound of the rushing of the waters made this apparent late last night. What a turbid brown flood it is! When we arrived here, it was quiet, clear and greenish as any orderly river. The light has been very good in Sta. Croce this morning where I went after going to see Mr. Galeotti, and where I have been better satisfied with Giotto than on our first morning there. Giotto was a *great* one, there is no doubt about that. I found some things that interested me extremely which I had not found, or had not time to find, before; and Mr. Watson will be interested to hear I made friends again with the chirpy little boy belonging to the sacristy there, and he showed me again the same things, and I let him look through my glass, which delighted him. There is an Annunciation of Donatello in Santa Croce which is entirely exquisite. I am going now to see if I can get a photograph. Also I have seen the Crucifix of Donatello which is attached to the beautiful story of Ghiberti and Donatello, and which I was absolutely charmed with. Donatello has taken a great hold of me. There is a cast, in a shop, of his little St. John (San Giovanino) for six guineas. It is rather big to carry home, but I should like to bring it. It is but a trifle of Donatello's, but I suppose there are few of them to be had as casts satisfactorily.

Good-bye, my best of all. This afternoon and to-morrow has to finish all I can do at Firenze. With much love.

Ever your affectionate

A. B.

Liverpool: Easter Sunday, 1888.

MY DEAR EMILY,—I was very glad to receive your letter to us this morning, and it took me to Rome very quickly.

I am glad your arrangements have fallen out so pleasantly, and there is nothing so far to hinder your taking full advantage of present privileges. You will find your time short enough of course, but the knowledge that it is so will keep you energetically employed, which after all is best, short of actually living in a place, until you know it in the quiet way. What you say is perfectly true, that you feel the necessity of going again and again to these places where everything is to be seen, and how to do it when other things must be seen too, and the right day and hour are so often hard to combine. The right attitude of mind is to be content with two visits even to the greatest things, and thankful if this can be accomplished.

Certainly among the antiquities that Sale dei Conservatori—the right hand building as you go up to the Capitol—is one of the places where there is so endless an interest that you do not know where to begin nor where to end. When we first went to the Capitol we took first the Capitoline Museum on the left, and so of course had not time for the Conservatori then, and nobody would believe what there is there until they see it. If you should have any spare time for sculpture, the Torlonia Museum in Trastevere is a surprising place, as giving an idea of the wealth of sculpture existing, notwithstanding the unlimited destruction.

It is rather near the Farnesina Villa, where you may see the Raffaele frescoes which had been closed to public view for many years, previous to the Centenary, 28th March 1883. They are mythological, and therefore lack the interest of subject of his greatest work, but ought to be seen if time allows. I am glad to see what you say about the Stanze; I think there you see the culmination of that kind of work.

I have no doubt you will make your account in the Sistine Chapel as well. There cannot be any nobler painting.

I see you were going to Sta. Agnese without the walls, which I think is right. There is something very fascinating

about these ancient Basilica churches. We did not get into the lower church of San Clemente at all—I am glad you did. There are others which I hope you will see, if you like these churches, as Sta. Prasseda and San Martino di Monte (Carmelite), both on the Esquiline near Sta. Maria Maggiore, and those delightful out-of-the-world churches on the Aventine. And you will not omit the Trastevere churches, Sta. Maria and Sta. Cecilia; and San Pietro in Montorio, with its beautiful terrace commanding the view of Rome, comes in at the same time. You will have been to the Coelian, which I think is one of the most interesting localities, from its position, and the churches it contains, especially San Gregorio and its surroundings.

We are having a bright Easter Sunday, the most spring-like afternoon for some time, but the cold weather remains still and everything is kept persistently back. We have had much more than the usual allowance of sunshine in these weeks of late, with a liberal allowance of cold wind.

Allie came home on Thursday, and we have three Knox boys here—making nine young folk in all. And we shall continue so all this week.

I hope you will explore the Catacombs. You will perhaps see, for it is worth while, one of the Columbaria where the ashes of the dead were deposited. There is a door leading into a garden on the left of the way going to the Porta Sebastiano, within which you find these Columbaria. They are among the most perfect of the Roman remains—due to their being built down into the ground, and so perfectly preserved.

I hope you will all keep well until both Rome and Florence are finished, at any rate. You do well to have April instead of March, as in our case. You will gain in temperature and in the flowers.

Good-bye, with love from all the family,

From your affectionate brother,

ALFRED BOOTH.

Liverpool: April 1888.

MY DEAR EMILY,—. . . We succeeded in getting a good many photographs of pictures, frescoes and sculpture to illustrate Florence, and both Mr. Watson and I have consequently a good book of Florentine Art: we had them mounted there. I have a copy making of Andrea del Sarto's Annunciation by Galeotti, who is, I think, the best man who copies in Florence. I never saw anything so good. 'There is a large and excellent collection of copies and modern Italian painting at the Pisani Gallery, Piazza of the Ognissanti, which is worth looking in at, if in that neighbourhood.

The Last Supper of Andrea del Sarto, at the convent of San Salvi, outside Porta alle Croce, ought to be seen and studied. It is one of the things full of idea and power. The Last Supper of Raffaele (believed) at the convent of San Onofrio should also be seen, though less interesting. The Crucifixion of Perugino at the convent of Santa Madallena di Pazzi is also inevitably to be seen.

At Sta. Croce do not miss the Annunciation of Donatello, one of the very most beautiful things in Art, as I think, on the southern wall of the Nave: also by no means miss Donatello's Crucifix (in wood) over the Altar of the chapel enclosed by railing, in the North Transept. It is so wonderful, in my opinion, in comparison with the Crucifix of Brunelleschi (which can be seen in a Choir Chapel of Sta. Maria Novella left of centre), upon which two, is the story of Donatello and Brunelleschi—seven years older—that I am surprised the story did not turn somehow the other way. If you have a large enough mind to care very much for Michael Angelo, the sculptor, you will not forget, of course, the Pièta at the back of the Centre Altar (under dome) in the Cathedral. Della Robbia's Reliefs, over the Sacristy doors there, are notable. To see the singing and dancing children in the Bargello you have to ask for them of the men at the entrance, for they are now in a room by themselves on the ground floor—Luca della Robbia's on one side of the room and Donatello's half, on

the other—and are splendidly seen. The difference in style between the two men is striking. Till I went to Florence I believed they were all Della Robbia. Don't miss the statues round the church of Or San Michele outside—several of them being wonderful—as St. George and St. Mark. Orcagna's Shrine of the Virgin in that church you probably know—a splendid thing.

At Sta. Croce there are seen beautiful things in the Medici Chapel beyond the Sacristy, from the door in North Transept—Giotto, Della Robbia, &c., and the Chapel of the Pazzi (I think it is), in the Cloisters of Sta. Croce, by Brunelleschi should be seen, also Giotto and Taddeo Gaddi's Last Supper in the Refectory.

On the east side of the Piazza del Duomo is the Opera del Duomo. You may know of it. The plans and drawings for the Façade are there, and other less interesting things; about a dozen elaborate drawings of the competition for the Façade. I rather think one of them, or a modification of two, would have been better than the one now executed—which, however, can only be in minor points objected to.

Later.—I now hear that you will have left Rome and that this can be directed to Siena or to Florence. I suppose it would reach Siena before Wednesday morning, but be of little use there, if you leave Siena on Wednesday, and perhaps Florence will be better. I could not moreover give much Siena information, as I know the place but partially. You would be interested in St. Catherine and what is to be seen of her; and see the Sodoma frescoes in her Chapel in San Domenico, and in the Oratory of San Bernardino—and the other frescoes there. And if you exhaust the Duomo and the Palazzo Pubblico you will do well. In Siena there are so many excellent and interesting things and little, except the Duomo itself, that is really great.

The Duomo is a fine piece of near perfection, in the same way as Pisa is complete and beautiful from end to end.

I hope you will find Paoli's Hotel pleasant and I do

not doubt you will. I daresay you received "The Legends of the Monastic Orders," posted to Rome.

Mr. Watson used that book a good deal. It is a good one.

All very well here as I write. I assume you have all news.

Your affectionate brother,
ALFRED BOOTH.

St. Luc : 9th August 1892.

MY DEAR ANNA,—I do not know whether you have much information of us. The weather does not give much opportunity for indoor occupations, still I see a fair quantity of letter-writing going on at times. We have never had such continued out-of-doors weather in our Swiss experiences before, nor could one wish to be in a better place to enjoy it.

Mr. Hughes was the first to follow us a week after our arrival, and there is nothing to be said against him, though a good deal against the L. C. & D. Railway who lost his portmanteau, and so created a good deal of discomfort and inconvenience, which ended after seven days by its recovery. He was the pink of good nature over this troublesome affair. Among other necessities of greater importance the two mathematical books most wanted were, as will happen, in the lost portmanteau. Last Thursday morning came the Howells party—Mr. and Mrs. Howells and the two girls, Belle 23 and Ilka 16. Lydia had not seen Sarah for six years, nor since her marriage, and she had been looking forward eagerly to this meeting, and it is a happily arranged occasion. They will spend ten days here and then proceed to a few other places hereabouts and to the North of Italy before returning as they came by Genoa,—the Nord Deutsche and Lloyd line to New York 15th September.

Charley arrived on Saturday from Havre, and about the same time Ellen Butler ; and on Sunday afternoon Charley

Butler from Paris. So counting the whole society there are eighteen people assembled here of us. The whole of the guests at the hôtel number about ninety, and Mr. Pont has all he can do to accommodate everybody. He is a very pleasant Val d'Anniviers man, and it speaks well for him, even with all the advantages of the wonderful position of the place, that up here, at an hour's steep mule climb from the road below, the Hôtel Bella Tola has become so popular—Swiss, French and German are all here, with a sufficient allowance of English—and most of the people come to stay. One thousand five hundred feet below is the village of Vissoye, chief in the valley, and it is set 400/500 feet above the stream which roars below. The valley has a narrow neck down to the great valley at Sierre—inaccessible except by climbing the mountain on either side above those depths, as the road from Sierre does. It then however expands to form one of the happiest and most prosperous of the southern lateral valleys of the Rhone, sprinkled with villages, hamlets, and chalets, and the meadows hanging on the hillside, all watered by a lovely system of water-leads and irrigation. And there is much forest, with magnificent old larches and all the pines. The head of the valley opens upon the central range—a great group of summits, Dent Blanche, Point de Zinal, Matterhorn behind the snow col of Durand, Gabelhorn, Besso, Rothhorn; and from any point of view higher up, yet more of that wonderful company. Yesterday afternoon from the Mont Tounot—a steep but very accessible mountain in our rear—five of the family, including Harriet, had as marvellous a panorama as need be found—the Weisshorn and all its snows and ice and precipices gleaming in front of us, at eight miles distance, through the air, the nearest, and in some respects grandest of all. We had all, or all the Booth-Howells party, been up to a little mountain lake or pool in the upper country behind us, with certain mules and other appliances, and after the general lunch a division of the company sent a part up and a part down. The lunch



ST. LUC

From a pencil sketch by Alfred Booth, 1892

was at the respectable altitude of 8800 feet, and is the highest attained by Lydia and several of the party. Harriet was naturally gratified on her mountain summit of over 9900 feet, and made a spirited young climber over the rocks and snow patches.

The sitting-room here is very pleasant, and I hope we may do as well at the next place.

I went to Finhaut on the way from Lausanne here in order to prospect, spending a night there in the Curé's house, as Mr. Chappex at the Bel Oiseau did not have a room; and we are arranged to go thither next Monday. It was originally Saturday, but we have been induced to remain where we are until Monday. The address is—Hôtel Bel Oiseau, Finhaut, Canton Valais. Willard is not coming at all, I fear. He has been detained at New York. Whether he will be able to come later to take his mother home remains to be seen. It is a disappointment to everybody. It is now probable that Ellen will go to Liverpool with us and await developments. She is very content under the circumstances to have her Charley.

Mr. Hughes and Allie are often sequestered and at mathematics, whether in the morning or as often, in the two hours before dinner, after returning from a day's walk or climb, and after the friendly and resting cups of tea. A good deal of vacation-reading is evidently going to be accomplished, and it would be impossible to have a more congenial man than Mr. Hughes, to Allie and all of us. We have had two or three remarkable moon-rise effects these evenings—the opposite side of the valley bathed in the moon-illumination half an hour before our side was out of the shadow, and the moon itself shot out from the ridge of the Nava, from behind which, every night, the big planet Mars has risen at 10 o'clock.

I hope all goes well at The Heaning—and we shall be interested in news from Edinburgh. Mr. Geikie's address we have, and it is very interesting. We have "lots" of

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papers—too many for my taste, but in these times of change of Government the family demands a good deal.

Much love from all of us and from

Your affectionate brother,

ALFRED BOOTH.

Lucerne : 24th September 1892.

DEAR DAUGHTER,—This is intended to come to you on your birthday and to bring to you my good wishes on reaching the complete number eighteen of the way-marks on the life-road. Many happy returns of the day I wish you—and I add my congratulations to all the others you will receive on the happy occasion. Young womanhood proper seems to have fairly begun at this stage by common consent, and I think you are fit to graduate.

I hope you will have a very happy birthday. I suppose you will be only just back from your Scotch visit, which I am sure you will have enjoyed as you expected to do. I have heard of your safe starting but no further.

I have this moment returned from a visit to Sonnenberg and Mr. Widmer—I may trust you to remember sufficiently the experiences and details of three years ago. I got hold of Mr. Widmer at the telephone this morning, and proposed going up this afternoon and staying dinner, if he was to be on hand. And I accordingly carried out this plan. I am fond of reviving recollections of places. The house looks well-cared for, and the roads and paths are improved, and some of the trees and wood just above it cut away, so as to improve the view, which is indeed very interesting and excellent. I went up by the old “funiculaire” to Gutsch, and the donkey and a pleasant Mentone man met me. It was raining a little and the blanket, which had kept the saddle dry, was useful over my knees. The monotonous dense wood from Gutsch is just the same and the rather muddy paths through it; but at Sonnenberg are several improvements—the house generally the same but looking very clean and tidy; the

salle-à-manger bright and attractive, with very clean table-linen, and prettily arranged jars of autumn leaves and flowers; the salon, where that never-to-be-forgotten conjuring performance occurred, as it had been; with a great supply of books in various languages, including Russian—Mrs. Widmer being partly Russian I understand. Mr. Widmer took me out to see the place and to see the view from the Kreuz. The rain had ceased and ultimately there was a very fine sunset glow over the country and the nearer mountains, especially Rigi and Pilatus, lighting up all the distant houses within its influence, with an orange or pink glorification, lovely to behold. There were some men near the top, hauling timber with two horses from Mr. Widmer's wood to go down to the sawmill at Kriens, and a hind wheel of the timber wagon had come off and the business of getting it on again was in full swing when we approached. They managed the matter very well and we saw the wain well on its way again before long. The cows were up there too, and he has built a new cow-house near that spot. It is really a very charming view of lake and mountains, and with the extended walks cut and made, it is a place with many advantages. There are nine or ten people still in the houses.

Another thing we came upon was the process of the digging of a well where water is believed to be below—also quite high up the hill. Two men were at work. The superior of the two is an expert in finding water and believes he is going to get it here. If found in such a spot, it will be of immense value to Mr. Widmer. The man was working most diligently at the rock, 12 feet down—a kind of flagstone rock and evidently in full faith—a faith Mr. Widmer does not share. The plan is not to pay anything except food and lodging until the water is found. Then a round sum and so much a day for the labour expended, if the water amounts to a stipulated flow per minute. You have no doubt heard of curious methods and signs supposed to indicate water—below-ground—practised by certain people. This

man in question employs a *fishbone* and copper, and some little apparatus in connection, which gives out signs which he regards as infallible, or nearly so, when used by him. He has been working for a fortnight—heavy, persevering work—and I should really like to know, in a few days more, if he is rewarded by striking the spring ! It will, in that case, supply water by gravitation to the top of the Hôtel Sonnenberg. No wonder Mr. Widmer thinks the promise too good to be true. After dinner I walked down by the directest way to Lucerne, in company with the Mentonian, a lantern, and the donkey. Those three were coming down to the Bahnhof to get two or three small “*colis*” of luggage to be carried up, and we parted at the further end of the long Kapell Bruche, coming down in hardly over half an hour. One of the additions at Sonnenberg is a nice little octagonal building—where a sort of wood shed had been standing apart, a little beyond the house on the rising meadow—fitted for worship. Here the pastor or chaplain could conduct his service in a seemly fashion. The seats and woodwork are solidly and tastefully done—made out of the *rothtannen* wood from the trees on the place.

I have written enough, but I must give you a little about a baptism I came to be present at to-day, in the old Hofkirche, and which, as I had not before seen a christening into the true faith, was interesting to me.

A *fiacre* drove up as I was mounting the broad steps, containing a woman and what appeared to be a cushion with a lace cover ; but the way she proceeded to carry it, and the place, suggested an infant, as it proved. After looking round the church and at some interesting sixteenth century painted carved figures, I heard a priest's voice at the further end down near the door, and went near the little company of father, mother (or godfather and godmother or a mixture of both) and nurse, young priest and man acolyte. The preliminary part of the service was over, and the nurse and child came to one side by me, and she was arranging the

tiny creature's head—an absolutely new-born babe—the priest meanwhile reading further in the service book, face to face with the couple. Then the baptism itself took place at the large font, enclosed within a handsome old wrought and twisted iron paling—all standing round. And there is a great deal of manipulation on the part of the priest, with various parts of the head, face, and neck of the tiny candidate ; and an important part of a nurse's duty is evidently to be well versed in the ceremony, so that all may proceed smoothly. The water was poured from the font by a little pitcher, and the child was too young to make any of the audible objections which older infants are apt to indulge in. It was altogether longer than a marriage service. I hope the little Christian will make a good man or woman. I could not catch the name. This is a rather dull and prosy letter, my dear Hester, but it carries you much love from me.

And I am ever your affectionate

PAPA.

Gais, Appenzell : 28th September 1892.

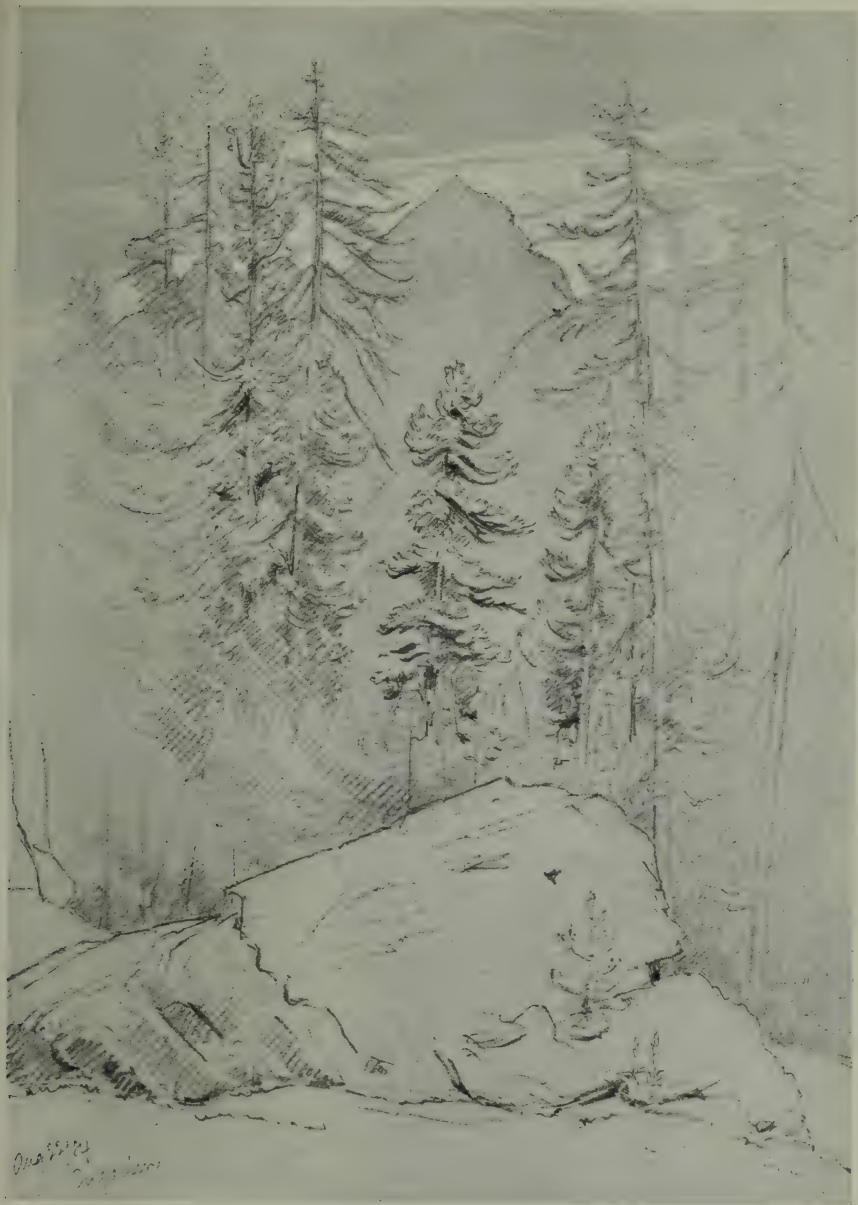
MY DEAR HARRIET,—I will give you a lesson in the geography of Switzerland which I have been learning. If you will draw a line reaching from the Boden See in the north-east across to the Lac Lemman in the south-west, the line, nearly straight, passing through the towns of St. Gallen, Luzern, and Lausanne, you will have on the northernmost side of the line all the populous and variously active part of the country, fields, farms, and workshops ; and on the southernmost side the mountains, the deep valleys, the chalets and mountain-folk and all the strangers and tourists.

I am just on the line here. At Lucerne again, mountains on one hand and soft valleys, fields, woods, and sloping hills on the other, and so to the Lake of Geneva. No tourists on the northern side—except as going through or stopping at one or two towns—Zurich, Berne, Basle—but plenty of business people moving about among the Swiss manufacturing

places. While on the southern side it may be true that the catering for the visitors and tourists is the principal industry of the country, and hotel-keeping the chief business. The next geography lesson is that, except the Rhone and its tributaries (all in the Valais before coming to the Lake of Geneva), all the rivers and streams of Switzerland (not being the Rhine itself) are turned together into one great stream, to flow into the Rhine half-way between Schaffhausen and Basle. That is the water from every lake in the country, except Constance and Geneva, are joined into one, and together flow into the Rhine at one point.

I enclose a sketch to illustrate which will make this interesting lesson quite clear! You will perhaps however have not found it interesting at all, and I will go on to something else. The children here generally go bare-footed; they are all comfortably or well dressed and clean and tidy; but their roads are very smooth and their fields are very soft, so they may well do according to nature and let the sole of the foot come into intimate contact with mother earth.

There is hardly a house that anybody might not be content to live in. There are many looms and lace machines to be seen; the fields are full of cows, all dun colour, lighter or darker, and the goats are entirely white. The whey-cure, which is one of the things in Appenzell, is all with goat's milk. The Canton is divided into Ausser Rhoden and Inner Rhoden; the Ausser is Protestant and the Inner Catholic. Roughly, the more mountainous and less populous part is Inner, and the agricultural and other kinds of occupation, Ausser. Gais is in Ausser, but my walk this morning to the town of Appenzell took me into Inner. Appenzell is called a large village in the guide-books, but it has the characteristics of a country town and fully deserves to be so-called. It is three miles from here, nearer to the Sentis mountain, but not enjoying so good a view of it, as does Gais which stands four or five hundred feet higher. The photographs which I



ENGADINE

From a pencil sketch by Alfred Booth, 1884

send home *pro bono publico* I got there ; but I admit the selection was very limited and the resources in that line quite small.

The wide "L" shaped balcony I am sitting on looks upon the open centre-place of the village, with a circle of trees or shrubs near the middle of it, the church diagonally opposite, and the broad-gabled well-windowed white houses, with generally green outside blinds (Venetian shutters), filling up all the rest of the boundaries. It is very bright and warm, but there is a breeze moving the awning about to-day and, as I am in the shade of the house, it is very pleasant. The elderly American couple are brother and sister. He, "Frederick," has asthma and so goes here and there for it. St. Moritz, his last place, was never so full as this summer. A new spring was found two or three years ago and a new hotel built at the Bad for it. His difficulty seems to be to find sufficiently high places to come down to in September from the Engadine. I suppose they will remain at Gais until this weather changes to colder, when more comforts may be wanted. The German gentleman is a Munich professor in search of rest and restoration. He is going to Ragatz—on the way to Chur—a considerable "Bad." I told Mamma yesterday about the glee class with the minister in the big room here at eight o'clock. The singing went on till half-past nine. They took intervals between different pieces, when they would all sit down on the two sides of one of the long tables, the minister at the head, and talk. At the early dinner to-day were a lady and gentleman—Swiss or German—travelling in an Einspanner, a very pleasant way of seeing this country where distances are not long. They went on directly after dinner was done.

This letter is long enough. I ought to draw one or two of these houses, because they are different from any other Swiss houses, and there is a different appearance to the villages. There is a certain New England flavour about things in the universal sense of enough and to spare, but it is besides

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trimmer and better kept and, of course, in form more picturesque.

Appenzell is, I believe, a lesson in pure democracy, and the general assembly, composed of every citizen over eighteen years, is held once a year, and is the ultimate source of authority. The origin of the state was resistance to the ecclesiastical rule of the Abbots of St. Gall 400 years ago, from which the people absolutely freed themselves—a good beginning—from which have grown good fruits. It seems to be a beautiful specimen of a community, none too rich and none too poor, and a reign of general content and improvement.

Good-bye, dear daughter. I wish all places could be such and could have as much said for them, and this moreover with a population denser for the extent of country than England, which is a very important fact.

Much love to all,

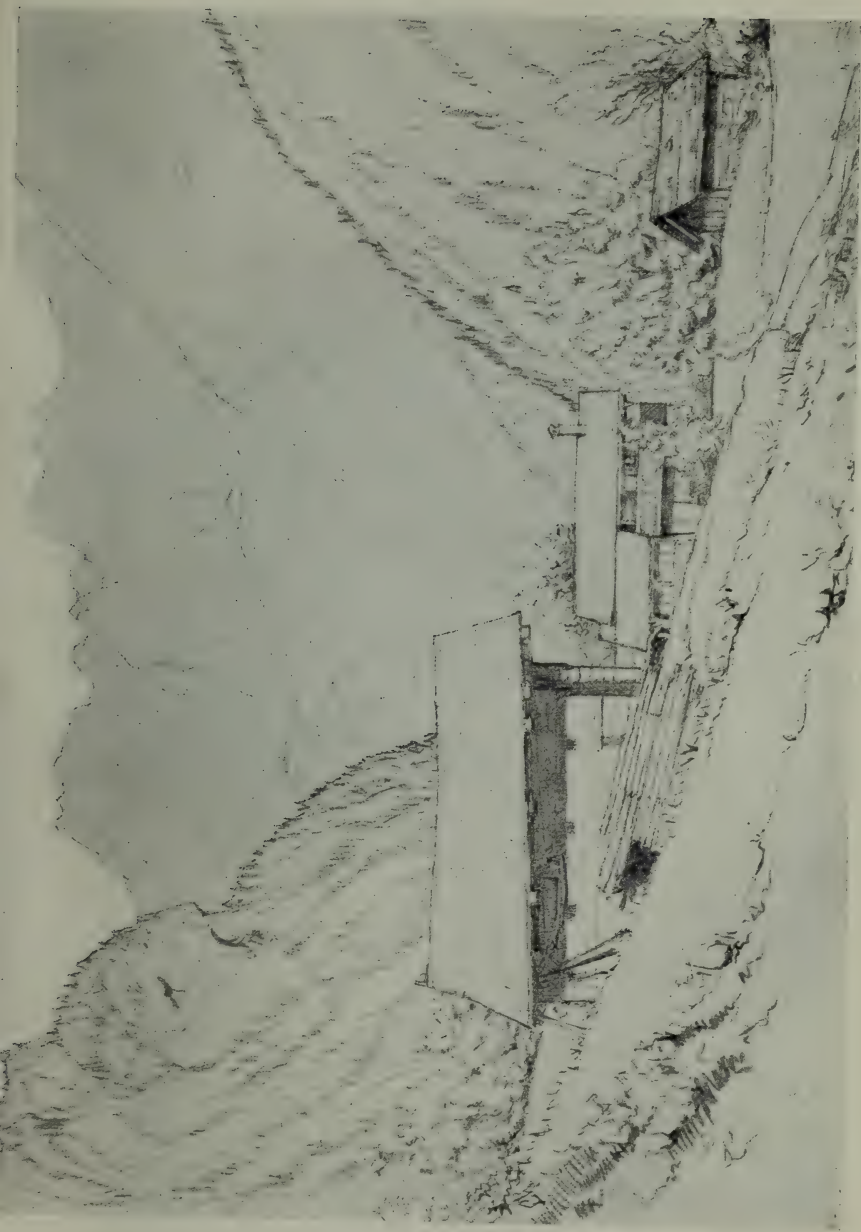
From your affectionate

PAPA.

As I finish some troops of children are passing, for school is out. It is just after four and out of more than thirty in sight. I see only three not bare-foot, and the bigger boys carry good satchels, knapsack-fashion, on their backs, and some have sizable portfolios suggesting attention to the art of drawing.

Luxor: 3rd February 1895.

MY DEAR HESSIE,—We arrived at this place on Friday evening at sunset. It is the point from which there are more temples and antiquities to be seen and examined than any other in Egypt, as it stands on part of the site of Thebes, the capital and seat of the monarchy of the "Middle" Empire. To-day is Sunday, and yesterday we did not go further than to see the Temple of Luxor, round about which this village-town stands. It is a ruin with enough left standing to make it interesting and explicable. A part of it is still covered with the habitations of Luxor, including a mosque, the top part of some of the columns coming



LES PLANS, VILLARS

From a pencil sketch by Alfred Booth, 1891

in, whitewashed, as portions of the existing village "architecture." This Mosque is to be removed, it is understood, and there will then be no difficulty in clearing away the rest of the worthless mud-walled tenements and clearing the remainder of the thirty-feet-deep rubbish-and-ruins mounds which now bury many things worth seeing. The face of a statue has peered out to the light of day only in the last few days, quite accidentally, a statue standing evidently in its original position between two columns. As a matter of bigness, a double row of the columns at Luxor are the largest temple columns we have seen, and these are considerably exceeded by the biggest at Karnak which we have next to see. Karnak lies a mile or two distant on this east side of the Nile, and we are to make those gigantic ruins a visit by moonlight to-morrow evening, if we do not first see them by sunlight. Across the river lie a large number of ruins, temples and other things, including the well-known seated Colossi, the twin figures on the Theban plain, called by the Greeks Memnon, and the Tombs of the Kings and the whole Necropolis—or city of innumerable tombs; and some especially interesting excavation work is going on at Deir el Bahri, the Temple of Thotmes I and Queen Hatasu. All these things require time, and the distances are not small, and the Theban plain and desert are hot, except early in the day. The locomotion after crossing the river is of course provided by donkeys.

We had an interesting planetary exhibition in the evening sky on the river on Thursday, and the two evenings before at Assouan, of *Venus* and *Mercury* in conjunction, that is very close together after sunset. I am not aware of having seen *Mercury* before, though I have sometimes thought it ought to have been visible, and seeing the two inner planets thus in conjunction was a very good way of doing it, both very brilliant, as a matter of brilliancy similar, but *Mercury* on so much smaller a scale, and sinking so quickly towards the horizon in the afterglow of sunset. The crescent moon meanwhile hung straight above them. The line of the

ecliptic going down very perpendicular, the crescent is placed horizontal instead of inclined. They say the half-moon is better for temple-moonlight business in Egypt than the full moon, the latter making the light too strong.

The constellation of the Southern Cross does not rise here. But it is not far from doing so in the south at about 5 A.M., I believe, in this latitude. Between 4 and 5 A.M. the constellation of the Scorpion is a very fine exhibition in the S.S.E., and I imagine that following the line of the first long curve of the stars of its "tail" would lead to the position of the Southern Cross. This climate would suit astronomers, whoever else likes it or not, for it is a "sure thing" on every occasion and all night long.

There is a bell for church, a building for which stands in an irrigated palm tree, plant, and flower garden which surrounds these hotel buildings pleasantly, and I think I will go and support Mrs. Wells.

On Friday evening after dinner—the evening we arrived here—the two girls and I were conducted down to the river bank with the aid of a large lantern, and took a boat to pay a call at Prince Whitney's dahabbia, which was tied up at the bank on the other side of the river. We heard they were here and going on up the Nile early the next morning, and I had met the lively Miss Joanna Davidge, who begged me to bring Eliza and Grace across to see them, which they were glad enough to do. The current was running fairly, but the moon gave enough illumination for our purpose, and we were welcomed on board in their elegant cabin. There was a pleasant amount of laughing and even giggling, while Prince Whitney and I conversed, after the usual of cigarettes, in a drier manner.

The Temple of Gdfon, which we saw on Friday morning between 7 and 9 o'clock, is the most perfect and complete temple in Egypt, due, firstly, of course to the immense massiveness of the masonry, secondly, to its being of rather modern date—200 B.C.—and, lastly, to the circumstance that it has

been well buried in the accumulations of centuries before it was badly injured. It thus stands out now, cleared, an astonishing, striking monument. Much love to you, dear daughter, to your husband, and a kiss to Lydia from

Your affectionate

PAPA.

R.M.S. *Ivernia*: Sunday, 28th July 1901.

DEAR DAUGHTER,—Things seem to be going very well here, and the voyage is quite as agreeable as anybody need expect. Certainly the *Ivernia* is a very steady ship, and one that will not roll unless under the greatest provocation, which is clearly a virtue of a high order, as such things should count on the North Atlantic. The passengers are a quiet set, and if they do not so far especially attract neither do they repel in any way. I think the German-American-Hebrew and the millionaire are quite absent. The captain is an excellent average, probably superior to it, and some talk has been had with him as to The Liverpool Institute in the days of Headmaster Hughes—and after. We are a good deal nursed by the Chief Steward Mr. Coyle, and your mother is daily asked to say what special dish we will have for lunch; and the grilled chickens and other such productions of the galley help to increase the interest of the midday doings. As the ship has hammered along so far, being at noon to-day 1260 miles from Boston Light—as I reckon it—we may expect to run up to that point by 8 o'clock on Wednesday eve. We are therefore likely to be too late to get past the Quarantine Station that evening, where I understand they may require daylight for the health inspection, and so not go through the harbour, and to the wharf, until early on Thursday. As we have been favoured with a good deal of occasional fog, the same thing may continue; and in any case a foretelling of time of arrival is an unpractical exercise. In this case particularly so, as a P.S. will carry the actual outcome of such expectations.

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You must let me know how the garden at Leam Hall appeared on your arrival, as I shall be interested in any little particulars. I am curious to see whether we can make anything of the begonias. Some authorities say they should be watered at the roots and not over the leaves, and I was trying that plan for them. You will see they are in three or four different places, and we shall perhaps see which situation and which soil appears better to suit them, if any does. If the zinnias, after all the nursing they required owing to the drought, and their consequent backwardness, still make fair plants it will be so much to their credit. I am a little doubtful about the tulip bulbs which came out of the borders and were laid by the heels near the rhubarb bed and greenhouse. If I were on hand I should I think take them when the stalk &c. is faded away and put them in sand, instead of leaving them to root in the soil where they are, to wait for the planting time in October. Or at any rate do so with a part of them. Of course they will only come in as a kind of second-class thing for next season, but as they appear to be good bulbs one would like to make the most we can of them. I have left a good many of the tulips in the borders without disturbance, in order to see how they show up next spring in comparison with those taken up and to be planted again. All the daffodils and narcissus we have left in the borders where they were.

I hope all is going very smoothly so far, and that you will be able to send us good news. I will wish you good afternoon at this point, and walk along the deck to see what the others are doing on their chair bivouac.

Your affectionate father

A. B.

Field : Sunday Evening, 25th August 1901.

DEAR DAUGHTER,—Your delightful long letter deserves a better letter in return than I shall be able to put together this evening. It is difficult to find time for writing with

my responsibilities of four young ladies, and the consequent arrangements in travelling of whatever kind, and they are many. We are going on early in the morning—at whatever time the train comes, probably not before seven o'clock, but it might be earlier—and the man who attends here to such things has just said that he wants the baggage, before he goes to bed, to check, and that he is going to bed very soon. The irregular amount of lateness in the transcontinental trains C.P.R. at present makes much night work for people at the places along here.

Your letter was of 5th August and your post-card of 30th July. I received a very appreciative letter from Mr. Jupp. What he wrote in the visitor's book, and you copied for us, certainly was gratifying to the lovers of Leam Hall.

I am glad you had Col. Athorpe on the day when the wall of the new filter-cistern gave way, and I do not doubt he said and did what was necessary. It is a sad thing about Rev. G. Perrin's death. I wonder how the newspapers have it so decidedly Rev. Jno. Perrin of London? The Macans and Mrs. Healey will no doubt come to Leam Hall all the same—although it may partially affect Mrs. Healey's plans, I suppose.

We are having the most interesting time and experiences, which the girls greatly appreciate. On Friday they were camping at a lake above here in order to go to the Yoho Valley yesterday—too long a "trail" without sleeping out. The camp was two log-built enclosures with canvas tent-roofs and a tent for meals; and the boy there, John Asson, took good care of us, being an adept in camp cooking and on horses. It was quite as romantic a spot as necessary and the scenery surprising. The Yoho Valley, or Valley of the North fork of the Wapta River, is a remarkable place, until lately unknown, overhung by glaciers, and with a 1200 ft. waterfall of great body descending directly from one of these.

This house at Field is one of the Châlet hotels of the C.P.R. and is now being enlarged. A sleeping-car stands on the

railroad track in front of the house this season, to accommodate people who cannot find room in the ten or twelve bedrooms existing at present.

The Glacier House where we go now is larger, having, I believe, accommodation for a hundred guests. It is five hours away in the range called the Selkirks. These primeval forests and their sights and sounds are pleasant and refreshing, the lakes are of an exquisite and varying green and blue-green, and we are very fortunate in all the people we have to do with. At Vancouver, where we ought to be in five days, we begin to turn round and the great feature of the eastward route is to be the Yellowstone National Park, State of Wyoming.

I address Whaley Hall. We have good accounts from N.E. Harbor. Much love to you from all of us.

Your affectionate

PAPA.

Hotel "Drei Mohren," Lermoos, Tirol :
Saturday, 22nd August 1908.

DEAR DAUGHTER,—When one finds oneself in Paradise, or perhaps better still in Arcadia, it may seem advisable to remain there. Hence, instead of leaving this idyllic place after a day, we are here until Monday morning ! We seem all agreed on this modification of plan, for there can be nothing further on so good as Lermoos ; and we can give half a day to the castles Hohenschwangen and Neu-Schwanstein notwithstanding, and then after a day at Zurich, H. and I will take direct train home. We ought thus to reach Leam Hall on Thursday late, instead of Wednesday, as we had been thinking. Your letter of 13th reached Selden the eve before we left that high place, and was highly welcome and descriptive of your pleasant sea-cave and cliff life, which should turn out all the family browned and salty—what an excellent place you have found !

We had a very fine and warm day in Bozen on Thursday.

The position of the place is full of beauty and, from many points, striking. I had never remained a night and day there though much fancying it—two nights and a day it was. We came in from Meran, where we spent the afternoon, at 10 o'clock. The new and luxurious Hôtel Bristol at Botzen was far from our taste and a removal to the Kaiserkrone was promptly made in the morning. It is interesting to see a place after an interval of years, and so we utilised our hours at Meran. To arrive there by train from the Vintzgau was a great innovation on those days, and the place, though the same in the old town &c., has spread itself round about, and there are half a dozen hotels in the town open, or about to be, which did not exist. The Habsburgerhof has decidedly to hide its diminished head. Circumstances led us to the Meranerhof—a great-scale new hotel along the opposite side of the river, facing across to the Gisela Promenade, the view from which it correspondingly blocks. Through the town, between the Bahnhof and the Sandplatz, run new and elegant small light blue painted electric street cars, with driver and conductor in white linen, at a fare of 12 heller. The great steep mountains frown around as before, while the great valley from the west and to the south gives the same happy opening and escape from their clutch. The journey down the Vintzgau from New-Spondinig, 5 or 6 miles below Mals which is the existing terminus of the railroad (three years ago opened), is a very interesting one, and we had a fine and clear day on Tuesday. To the Martell Thal was as far up as I had been before. It is a nice quiet-going little train in which the patient traveller can be at his ease and at peace—so far as such things may be. We had left Sulden Hotel at half-past nine, the Ortler-Königsspitze &c. peaks shining clear, and what some people may call glorious in their solitude, but for the multitudinous and courageous Tyrolese and Austrians who people them or their approaches—rucksack-burdened man and woman together. And so we bade them adieu for more moderate elevations. It was a carriage down

to Spondinig, a three hours' affair on the downward way, and the road up the Suldental, being at a somewhat severer gradient and narrower than the full Alpine road, great care is required in meeting the wagons and carriages, stages, &c. going in the opposite direction, which follow one another at often short intervals. The men are excellent at the business and these Tyrolese horses are surpassingly so—and finely kept, with their broad rounded backs. I should not be writing now but the weather has turned unfavourable to-day after a strong warm wind blowing during the night; and instead of taking an Einspanner to see Bader See once more, as your mother desired to do, we appear to be housed for the present after an early lunch. Yesterday afternoon we made the most of Ehrwald; it was quite a perfect day. You will hear, or have heard, of the renovated “drei Mohren.” It is very pleasant under its newer dress as it was in its original style—the same building exactly in the main with an enlargement to the valley, made use of for a large and roomy *speise-salle* with great-paned tasteful windows facing across the valley—and the *dépendance* house, where we are bestowed. I had forgotten that the “drei Mohren” was the last house in the village—the first as we approached on Thursday eve from Imst and the Fernpass. The valley is well alive, and Ehrwald is a good deal extended, with more houses and improved buildings of various kinds. The two Frauleins Jäger keep it, and they have the support of their brother-in-law, who seems to be a clever man, who planned and carried out all the additions and alterations in the past five years.

You would perhaps hear that A. Whitting and J. E. C. Eaton took their departure for London and Sicily respectively on Monday. We had an excellent time with them, and “John” did his best to like Tirol pretty well. I succeeded in pulling myself up to two of the huts, the Dusseldorfer and the Schauback, after certain puffings and blowings; and with good appetite one does what one can even at



EHRWALD, TIROL

From a pencil sketch by Alfred Booth, 1890

6000 ft. alt., but I confess to a preference for 3/4000 ft. and the temperature thereof.

Love to you all and kisses to the excellent children !

Your affectionate

PAPA.

The Raymond, Pasadena, California :

21st December 1909, Thursday.

MY DEAR CHARLEY,—We have been here now nearly two days, having arrived on Sunday 8.30 P.M., and I am not sure that any intelligence of our arrival has been sent to Liverpool, as it should have been. Now, this letter may be pretty safely reckoned upon to miss the Saturday mails from New York, and you may consequently think our news slow in coming. Of the journey across the Continent on the Atcheson, Topeka and State train (California Limited) a good deal of more or less interest might be told, and it proved, as we had been assured, a good train of its kind, with all the recent improvements as far as they go. Perhaps the feature of the journey lay outside the train, in the cold weather and low temperature which we struck at Chicago, and thence all the way down to New Mexico and thro' that State. At Chicago we had a cold day, following a cold night, at 12° to 15°, altho' easing a little with some snow in the afternoon, and I remained housed in the Congress Hotel, late Auditorium Annex—a fine specimen of a stage for the American of the day of both sexes to enact a crowded and confusing scene in the study of mankind, day and especially *evening*, when the brilliancy of the electric illumination in the surrounding marble and gilding of the walls was more than dazzling. We got however safely on to the train at 8 P.M. through the keen air, and resigned ourselves to the routine of the sleeping car and the so far privacy of our compartment or room—one of three such on that car. These Pacific trains are made up of cars of different plan as to arrangement of compartments, drawing-rooms, and the “sections” on the general ordinary plan—

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these were preceded in this train by the baggage car and the dining car and then the five sleepers—and the last of these has an observation room at the rear of it, leading on to a balcony with chairs at the end.

It was soon discovered that punctuality was not to be the rule, for with a good many stoppages through the night, during which the train crosses the Mississippi at Fort Madison, we were an hour late at Kansas City, where the river Missouri is struck, at 10 o'clock Friday morning. All day through the length of the State of Kansas there appeared to be no effort to keep time, and the train tended to become more and more *en retard*. Central time changed to mountain time at Dodge City—still Kansas—and a long up gradient thro' the night into Colorado, crossing the S.W. corner of that State through La Junta and Trinidad at high altitudes, till at breakfast time the train had reached the first summit of 7000 ft. at Raton—five hours late there. One explanation offered by the conductor of the delay or detention was the extreme cold. At La Junta the temperature was said to be 4° below zero, and at these altitudes, on entering New Mexico at Las Vegas and other stopping-places where we could test it, the cold was certainly down in the low numbers. It was admitted to be entirely exceptional here, and at Albuquerque, an important trading point at 5000 ft., with numbers of Mexican Indians and their products, the people in the store said there had been nothing like it in fifteen years' experience. This was at 4 to 5 o'clock where we should have been at noon, and we had still 400 miles to go at high levels through the rest of New Mexico and a stretch of Arizona, largely desert, to a place called Seligman, where the time is changed from mountain to Pacific time, and the long descent from 6000 ft. to 500 ft. at Needles in four hours (150 miles) begins. At Needles the Colorado River is crossed—in a wild remote spot and wide-spreading country bounded by dry, shapeless ranges of hills well thrown back—by a fine cantilever bridge, and we come shortly to the Arizona

Mohavé desert which extends over the California line. The papers this morning report a fall of snow at Needles, unprecedented to the oldest inhabitant—who is however probably young in years. At any rate it is called the hottest place in Arizona.

Some time was now being made up, and the story concludes by our being landed at Pasadena at 8.30 instead of 5.30 P.M. The terminus is at Los Angeles, 10 miles beyond this place, containing 300,000 people within its wide-spreading limits, and naturally, I suppose, very full of its own growth and future.

We are all well. It is the beginning only of the season here, and this hotel, only a few days open, and waiting for its coming crowd of wealthy guests, has proposed to us to remain at about boarding-house terms rather than go to a very good place seen this morning, which we were otherwise arranging to move to. This will be for two or three weeks—quite probably the latter—from the time of our arrival.

Yesterday began with low clouds and rain, and continued dark and wet through the day. To-day has been pleasant with good sunshine, but the temperature is below the usual; and whether things are going to prove exceptional through the winter remains to be seen.

I do not at present hear further from Godfrey. He was expected to reach Philadelphia yesterday, and the Lloyds would expect to move to Toronto on one of the first days of January. I believe Mary Kirkbride, with Mabel, will probably start for California about 4th or 5th January, and join us while we are in this region. I hope you are all about to have a good Christmas time. Naturally your mother does not like to be out of it. She is however very well and exceedingly well up to whatever is on hand.

Best love to Grace, and I am,

Your affectionate father,

ALFRED BOOTH.

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Pasadena : 25th December 1909.

DEAR DAUGHTER,—We have been thinking very sympathetically indeed of your coming into, and now being in your own house—certainly an event in life which cannot be passed over as a little thing. It does come naturally however in the course of events, and to-day seems a natural one for wishing you joy and a happy new year as well as success in your domestic rule. Your throne of government will, I am sure, be well supported. We are as you may suppose a good deal out of being-at-home here, and inevitably the surroundings suggest everything except an English, or for that matter an Eastern-States Christmas. Luxuriant vegetation of the tropical and semi-tropical order, such as the-not-being-within-the-frost limit brings to Southern California, gives the leading visible features to the place, and enforces the reflection that the frost line is perhaps, to the outward sense, the great divider of all.

The luxuriance of growth and wealth of foliage of the palms of all descriptions, East and West Indian, the pepper tree and others unknown to the northern climes, with the largest and bushiest orange and lemon trees all around that I have seen, tell conclusively of these things getting in this soil and climate all they need. On top of all this the indestructible American idea, as strong and forcible as in the East, seizes upon everything and turns and moulds it in its own familiar and invariable way for good or ill. It is the future that you see as the reality rather than the present—believed in absolutely and prepared for at every turn. Avenues and streets laid down, curbed and guttered, square miles away from the existing centre of Pasadena, and where occasional bungalow houses of various degrees—some mere shanties—occupy the favourite lots of the coming time. Schools and High Schools occupying wide and roomy sites and of a size, style, and importance suitable for the children soon to be. A charming Public Library this in the centre; and from the date on it, twenty years ago, showing both that Pasadena

has a claim to antiquity and that the people then lived as confidently in the future as they do now.

We had rainy damp weather here at first, but the past two days have been of the best and a sample certainly of what we came here for. All the same at any time now the "rainy season" may make its appearance, and while it lasts by all we hear there is the necessity for taking account of it, and being much hindered. We do not of course command the ocean from this place, but it can be seen from the foot hills of the coast range of mountains which screen Pasadena from the north-east. We were at Sierra Madre yesterday afternoon, a point from which the trail up Mt. Wilson can be taken, and Elizabeth would soon be up there if she had company.

We shall not stay away from the sea for long—shall go, as at present intended, to San Diego to the south, nearly at the Mexican boundary, after next week for some days, and from there to Riverside (inland again), the Glenwood Mission Inn, a somewhat noted, elaborated hotel for some more days, at the time to fit the arrival of Mary and Mabel, which seems likely to be 9th or 10th January. And so to *Santa Barbara* on the coast, which will be the place where, or in the neighbourhood of it, we shall make such settling down as we can accomplish. By all the recommendations we have had of Southern California, it ought to be easy to live a Southern Californian life there for six or eight weeks without seriously hurting anybody. So far we look forward at present, and I think our schemes will work out right as they often do.

Politically, and in the way of English newspapers, we received a batch on Thursday down to 11th December, and these things are eagerly looked for, and I hope most of them will survive the double forwarding and come through regularly. One must, if unfortunately absent at such a time, keep *au courant* with what is going on.

Your mother is very well. There has been a kind of

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Xmas day recognition this morning in the Kirkbride apartments, connecting with ours, with a distribution of certain presents, in order to make the best pretence that circumstances allow. A kind of Southern plant having sprigs of small red berries takes the place of holly on the innumerable tables in the spacious and capacious dining-room. The company here is yet so small in comparison with the size and arrangements of the house that it sits rather at shouting-distance when partaking of its meals.

Much love, my dear, to you and to Arthur

From your affectionate

PAPA.

San Francisco : 26th March 1910.

MY DEAR CHARLEY,—You will be glad to know of our arrival at San Francisco, which makes a distinct point in our progress. From here it is eastward and ever eastward for us, for one-third of the earth's circumference.

Your letter of 12th came fast and reached us at San José 24th, the evening before last. Yesterday forenoon we came here, a step of 50 miles, from the chief town of the fertile and productive Santa Clara Valley, which is a sight in the way of endless fruit blossom and other things.

This remarkable place, San Francisco, I have been biting at since lunch time yesterday, and should at present find it difficult to describe. Half the surface of the greater part of it consists of vacant spaces covered with indescribable debris, left as worthless since the disastrous fires of April 1906. All sorts of old twisted metal and pipes and girders for instance, and such bricks and stone and depth of nameless rubbish as remain. The building-up has of course been on a great scale—and operations of the kind are being carried on on all sides. Some great buildings, including the Custom House, Merchants' Exchange and several banks—Royal Insurance Company (a ten-storey building), and blocks of commercial buildings and hotels and the great retail stores; so that

the leading central "shopping" streets are fairly closed up; with occasional yawning gaps telling the story of four years ago. In Market Street many of the buildings appear of a low and probably temporary character, and in places from which some outlook can be had great bare desolate districts appear very little filled up yet. Altogether, one would say, a most uncomfortable place; and its surface is so uneven with hills in many directions that locomotion, except by electric and on the worst gradients by *cable cars*, is greatly obstructed.

The fine natural feature is of course the ocean entrance through the Golden Gate. It is in every way imposing and a decided piece of scenery. The narrowest part between the Presidio Point and the opposite side is about a mile, and San Francisco does not come in sight till this point is passed. The bay opposite the town is 3 or 4 miles wide to Oakland and Alameda, and the town itself stretches out in the American illimitable way—avenues and streets dotted over with little dwellings and detached houses for miles in the most unfinished surroundings.

I must have written since I received your previous letter of the 5th—on the 17th, I see it is marked—but I am not sure whether it was acknowledged. Glad to hear that you were having spring weather. Here we find cold stormy winds and cloudy sky, making the place no doubt look its worst.

I am much interested to hear the impression Alfred got while in America as to increasing revolt against the high-tariff policy. There is no doubt that the high prices of everything has become, for the time, a question of the day; and I hope it will not die out in the way things sometimes do here, where complaining about things never seems to have much popular hold.

On our British politics; I hope the Government will have mastery enough to guide the ship and to meet the emergencies which seem to be impending. It will need good piloting, one thinks, to get the Budget through; and

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Godfrey puts it that if the Government does not succeed in getting their great reforms on to the Statute Book, they will go to an unnamed grave. As you probably do not hear from him in a general way, I will enclose what he wrote on this a couple of weeks ago, which you may like to see, his views being interesting and more or less detached.

The weather has been broken since we left Santa Barbara County and came north, and it is probable there has been a rainy season in the south, such as they wanted there. At Monterey and here the air is palpably colder, telling of a different climate and four degrees further north. I finish this on Easter Sunday—a cold wet morning after a pouring wet night, and we seem rather out of the way of Easter ideas. After all, our English Easter holiday is a thing to be prized, whether it comes early or late. We imagine Hester and Harriet &c. at Leam Hall.

The Liverpool *Daily Post*, with the big Lever gift to the University, came with thanks. He is a man with ideas who is not afraid of carrying them into practice.

I am rather surprised to have received nothing from the Magistrates' Office on the adjourned Licensing Meeting, as I should have expected to do among the papers forwarded from Ullet Road. I am on the Licensing Committee again this year. Before leaving, in a conversation I had with Sir T. Hughes and John Henderson, I expressed strongly my view that I should not be nominated for re-election in view of absence from January to May.

Sir T. H. did not concur in there being any occasion for withdrawal under the circumstances, and said "leave it with your friends" to act as they think proper when the time comes—and so I agreed.

About January I wrote to John Henderson on the matter—that no personal consideration must come in, as I was sure it would not, but only what would best assure the full working force of the reform vote on the committee. This he would receive a week before the day of election of the Licensing

Committee. I received no reply from him, but was notified in the ordinary way, in due time, of my re-election.

I suppose the adjourned Licensing Meeting must have come in the early part of March. Last year it was March 2nd &c.

What I ought to have received are the Minutes of the Meetings of the Licensing Committee, which are printed and posted to the members. As the failure seems to be in the forwarding from Ullet Road, I hesitate to write to Sanders for them; but if you see him or get him on the telephone you may mention it.

California seems to surpass even New York in telephone development, and there are at present some new discoveries now being tried, in the way of mechanical appliances to supersede automatically in some measure, which I do not understand, the operator at the centre.

With best love to Grace and the children,

Your affectionate father,

ALFRED BOOTH.

Itinerary :

Leave San Francisco April 5, Southern (& Union) Pacific.

Leave Salt Lake City April 7, Rio Grande & Denver.

Leave Colorado Springs about April 8/10, Burlington.

Leave St. Louis April 11/12, Wabash.

Arrive Toronto April 13.

Liverpool : Sunday, 12th February 1911.

DEAR DAUGHTER,—I have been looking over this morning the book of the "Sculpture Florentin," Marcel Reymond, second half of fifteenth century, which you gave me and I had not recently had out. Indeed it had put itself a little out of sight at the bottom division of the music-stand under Rembrandt's Burgomaster Jan Sixt., and it is too good a thing to be overlong out of sight and mind. It is curious that all his description of Della Robbia work is under the heading Andrea della Robbia—Luca being apparently left out as

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non-existent—No ! I see I am making an error, as I might have been sure would be proved the case. Luca comes in the first half of the fifteenth century, and so the School is divided by that fact.

I do not know whether the first half has been done by the same man in the same way.

Also, I have been looking over the catalogue of the Museum at Athens (Sculpture), which is a delightful reminder ; the descriptions (in French) and also the illustrations, which are numerous, being in very good style.

On Tuesday I had been tempted to use our one ticket at the Philharmonic Concert—by the Wagner quality of the programme, the first part being the Third Act of “Lohengrin” and the second some fine things from the “Meister Singer” ; and so your mother was able to do something of her own for two or three hours. Then on Friday I thought I had better accompany her to a “Green-Room Amateur Society” performance at Sefton Park Assembly Rooms, “The Lion and the Mouse,” for the Invalid Children’s Association—which quite repaid the going ; a certain Miss Ida Tulloch being quite super-excellent—a most charming person with great natural gifts in appearance and as an actress. No doubt the audience was very badly crowded up—four people in the space of three—but fortunately the ventilation was on this occasion attended to. Last week we did not perhaps get on as far as we might have done with the “Memoir of Lady John Russell,” which is quite an interesting book and very well put together. The period and the incidents that she was in the midst of, with Lord John R. taking the lead in Government he did throughout it, make it thus sure to be so. Your mother has also on hand for reading, after retiring upstairs, the “Life of Mrs. Sherwood,” which she takes much satisfaction out of.

I have omitted another evening out, for we both went to a Book Society party at the A. H. Bright’s on Wednesday, which was rather amusing in its way, and at any rate not tiresome and wearying, if the supper could have been omitted ;

but then unfortunately it never can be. Among the few books we bought are "Memoir of Wilfred Lawson," by G. W. E. Russell, which will be good, "Roman Holidays and Others," W. D. Howells 1908, and a book that your mother wanted—title out of my mind. The "Roman Holidays" has a large number of illustrations, photographic, largely of an unaccustomed and unhacknied kind which, apart from the text, which may be very good, quite justify it. The Bosanquets are members of that Society now. She was not there however. I have to return to Nellie "Correspondence of the Early Medici"—Janet Ross—which she lent me—and which is very interesting as a picture of the familiar life of the time among so capable and remarkable a family. Its effect seems to be to raise the Medici in the estimation of those who read these private (and other) letters. The translator seems to have had access to sources hitherto unused.

Best love!

Your affectionate

PAPA.

On St. Paul's Hospital I had a disappointment on Thursday with Mr. John W. Hughes. He had a few days before given £2000 to enable the Nursing Home Scheme "F. Nightingale Memorial" to be carried out, and so I was too late; also I failed to get Sir Wm. Hartley.

Last Saturday (Feb. 4) we had the Annual Dinner of the Office Staffs, quite a good occasion. Perhaps I already told you.

Grand Hotel Continental, Siena:

18th April 1914, Saturday evening.

DEAR DAUGHTER,—So glad to receive your letter on arrival here at five o'clock to-day, though your accounts have a share of cloud effects which however, I think, were clearing away. Our cloudy skies of whatever kind have yet to come, for since we landed at Genoa all has happened very happily, and there has been a continued and great satisfaction in what we have done, and how done it. Genoa is a great

place. The approach as we saw it on a cloudless morning—the ship before breakfast drawing near to the Riviera shore (not far from San Remo I should think) and then coasting along, with the whole scene of the innumerable towns on the coast and on the hills, backed by the high mountains, in full view in detail of every house with the glasses—was very striking indeed, quite surprising in fact, for I had not expected that the land would come upon us so near and scenic three or four hours before Genoa would show itself directly ahead. Thus we had an ideal arrival and were entering the port between twelve and one o'clock, just seven days since we started from Southampton water. We saw some of the points in the place so well with the aid of a carriage in the afternoon, that there was no difficulty in arranging for going on at half-past nine on Thursday morning; and a polite emissary from the Cunard Agency office came to see and help us off, with a lovely bouquet of roses, carnations, and white lilac for your mother, which she appreciated and enjoyed as you may suppose. Then that remarkable ride along the coast, with its threading thro' eighty tunnels, and exquisite views of sea and land on either side, and then the Carrara mountains and, finally, Pisa. Pisa treated us well, both with cloudless skies (though cold easterly breeze) and in its hotel; and having two nights it was possible to get completer satisfaction of its charms than I had done before, for we could be in the Duomo on Thursday afternoon, on Friday and again this morning, and a good spell at the Campo Santo yesterday, besides a drive outside. We travel with great success and Dr. Jardine has already become quite *au fait* at the "job." When in serious mood, he discovers all sorts of medical knowledge in his talk and also—as in Siena this afternoon after tea on arrival, when I took him out to the town and the Piazza and Cathedral,—an outspoken appreciation of such a place as this must always be, to a person with eyes in front of him and a modicum of romance in his nature.

Sunday, 19th April.—It is curious that we came in for the procession of what must be, I think, the same particular

Madonna carried to the Duomo amid the accompanying crowd and following it; and the sacred figure in the wonderful church made its invariable impression, only to be repeated this morning in fuller light, when all the five found themselves under its spell after ten o'clock this morning. Such impressions are well to revive after a time, and you can set this one down as a thing for some day.

Much love to you all,

From your affectionate

PAPA.

Grasmere : Sunday, 30th August 1914.

DEAR DAUGHTER,—I acknowledge your letter this morning at once. No wonder you wrote on Louvain, and you may be sure you only express my own thoughts and those of us all. Your letter at once went round at the finished breakfast table, while I started down to the post-office, the postman having frightened us by telling Josef that there was bad news, and the British surrounded by the Germans. There proved to be no foundation to the rumour, and there was nothing in what was put up at the Post Office. I got there, however, what is likely to prove a credible report: that 120 loaded railroad trains carrying one complete army corps with everything appertaining to it, have been passing *East* through Belgium. Such a reinforcement for East Prussia would seem probable enough, but would show some confidence on the part of the Germans on the French line of conflict.

To Louvain again—the outrage must be disavowed by the German people if they are ever to free themselves of the stain. The military Commander who gave the order cannot do so, for the act remains as being his intention of the way in which any shooting by the town's people was to be met, and is so quite independent of the question whether a mistake as to who was firing was the actual occasion of it or not.

All very well here including E. O. B. (arrived Friday), but with dull and misty rain weather instead of the sun-

shine prevailing elsewhere. There is so much to talk about these days if you were here, but I cannot write more now. We went over to Robin Ghyll Cottage after tea yesterday as a parting call there, but found G. M. T. gone that morning (Northumberland) and his wife out, at Miss Arnold's. I wanted a further talk with George T. and am sorry to have just missed him.

I had glanced at Professor J. H. Morgan's article and had seen there was a notice of a book by Professor Cramb, and we have now had them both read aloud by Godfrey.

Professor Morgan's views I should pay every regard to, and am glad to learn from him. The description of Professor Cramb's book would make one class his very differently, while at the same time recognising them as a picture of the ideas somewhat universally prevailing in one form or other in the German mind, whether with dangerous consequences or not to the rest of the world. The Lord Acton extract, as to what he sees as the outcome of the growth of Military Monarchy two centuries ago in Russia and Prussia, is certainly pertinent in these times as you say.

I want to call on Mr. Roby again to-day and shall take Connie—these misty showers permitting. Miss E. J. S. tells me one of his favourite tastes is the *Italian painters*—which I could hardly have found out without a hint—and that he has many good things to show; so I must get hold of him on that side. I was glad to introduce Godfrey to Miss Eleanor the other afternoon, when a good many people happened in about tea-time; and when none other of us could go to tea at the Wray on Friday, he volunteered and had evidently been interested with his further talk with Miss E. J. S.

Dr. Spooner preached this morning and Mr. Peterson is on for this evening. We may see the Mallets at tea to-day; Mr. Mallet leaves on Wednesday in advance of Mrs. Margaret and the boys. Enough!

Ever your very loving

PAPA.

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The Lord Acton extract as to what he sees as the outcome of the growth of military non-

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